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## Alice in Snowmansland

"Which head is mine?" the Mad Hatter asked in a perplexed tone, scratching the snowman's head by mistake.

"I get so confused," he went on, "what with my hat being on the snowman's head, and the Guinness head not having a hat."

"Oh, but you can always tell the head of a Guinness," cried Alice. "See how rich and creamy it is!"

"Wonderful," exclaimed the Hatter, "it reminds me of . . . it's something like . . . let me see . . ."

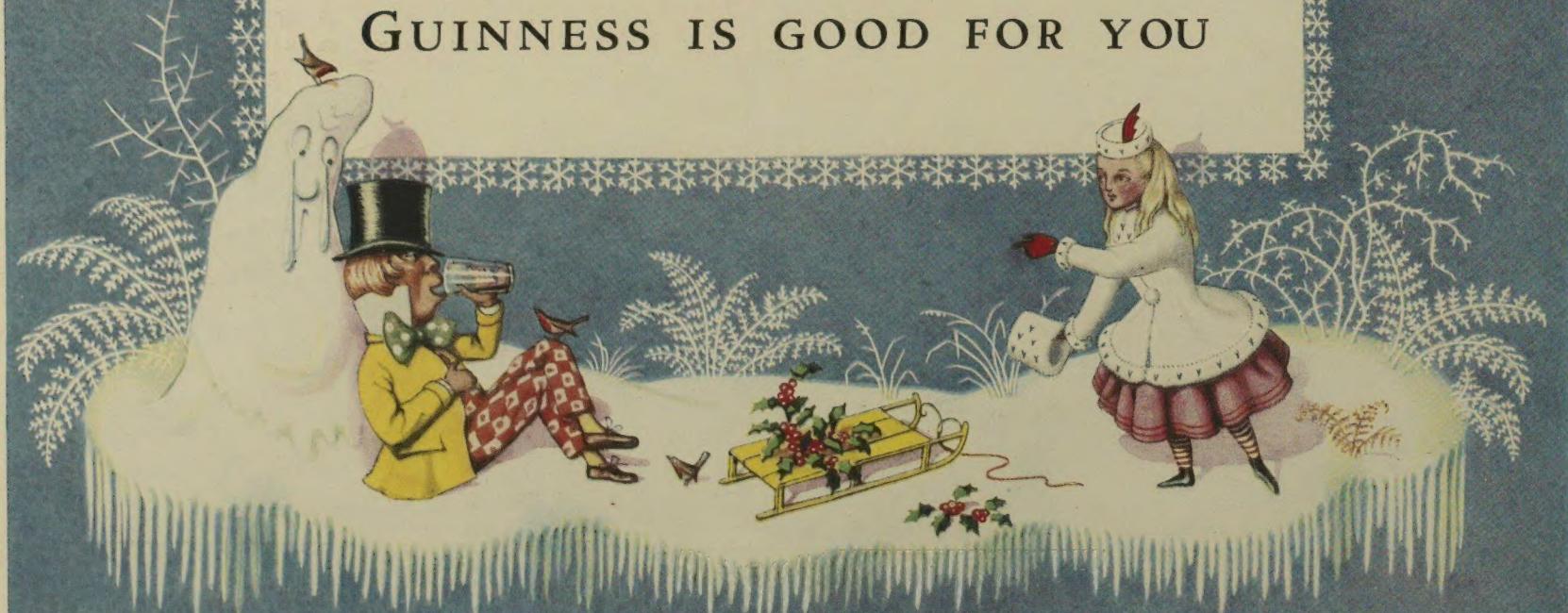
"But there's nothing like a Guinness," said Alice.

"I didn't say there was," replied the Hatter. "I said a Guinness was Something Like." He smacked his lips approvingly.

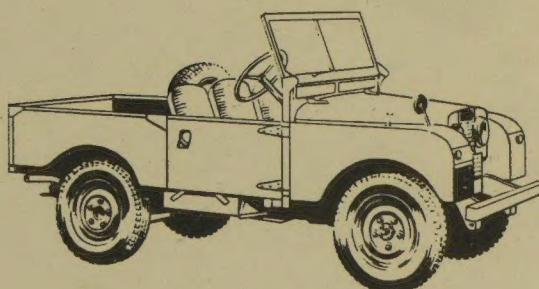
"Oh, won't you give the snowman some?" cried Alice. "He's got such a melting expression."

The Hatter shook his head. "I'm not as mad as all that," he said, as he finished the glass.

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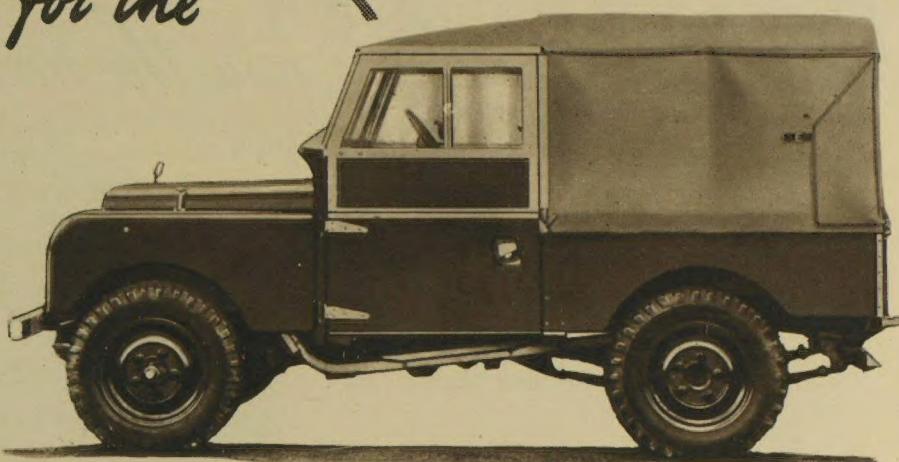
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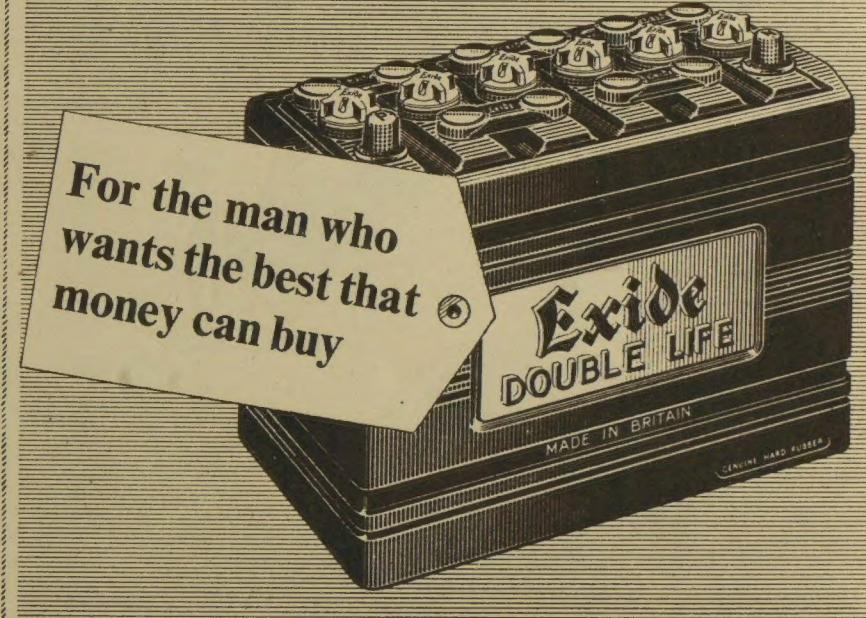
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SATURDAY, JANUARY 23, 1954.



## THE UNPRECEDENTED HORROR OF THE AVALANCHE DISASTER IN THE VORARLBERG: RESCUE WORKERS DIGGING INTO THE RUINS OF ENGULFED HOUSES AT BLONS, UNDER WHICH MEN AND WOMEN WERE BURIED.

Some idea of the destruction caused by the avalanches of the second week in January which struck the Vorarlberg province of Austria with unprecedented violence may be gained from this tragic scene photographed from the air. Rescue workers are shown digging in the deep snow and rubble which engulfed the village of Blons, in the Great Walser Valley, Vorarlberg Province, Austria,

burying many men and women and children under the battered and crushed houses. On January 15 it was reported that in Blons village alone forty-five dead and ninety injured had been recovered, while eight were still missing. Other photographs of the avalanche destruction in Austria and Switzerland appear elsewhere in this issue.



## By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A FEW weeks before Christmas an English landowner gave an address to the members of the Farmers' Club which, since it ran into several thousand words, received comparatively little notice in the truncated columns of our post-war, paper-starved Press. Yet it was a speech which dealt with matters of great and continuing importance to the people of this dangerously overcrowded country. Its theme was "Farming and Forestry." Its author was the Duke of Northumberland, one of the largest and most enlightened farming landlords in Britain and the son-in-law, incidentally, of our greatest living individual practitioner of forestry and tree-planting, the Duke of Buccleuch. He was speaking of a subject—hill-farming and its relation to tree-planting—of which, like his ancestors for many generations, he has had a very great experience, and, as an amateur who has had a very small experience of farming and woodland management but a very considerable experience of the handling and presenting of facts and figures on paper, I was much impressed by the clarity and force of his address. It struck me so much when I read it that I should like to communicate its purport to the readers of this page. For on whether its lessons are digested by those who direct our country's policy, a great deal of our future well-being is likely to depend.

Our overwhelming problem in this country, as I see it, lies in the relation between our limited natural resources and our population. If our population, instead of being concentrated in this small island, was more evenly divided among the giant but under-populated, under-developed countries of the Commonwealth, the problem would not exist, but, as it is, it does so in an acute form. At any time in the immediate or more distant future the British people may suffer a fearful, and perhaps fatal, disaster through an inability either to feed themselves or to obtain the raw materials on which their food depends, and this while almost unlimited areas, opened out by past British enterprise and under the control and sovereignty of British nations, are lying unused for lack of men to cultivate and develop them. That, though under our present leadership we keep blinking the fact, is a menace every whit as serious as that which faced us from Hitler and the Nazis before the war and that confronts us to-day from Soviet Russia, international Communism and the hydrogen bomb.

What, it may be asked, has this to do with hill-farming and forestry? Let the Duke himself give the answer. The whole of England, Wales and Scotland, he tells us, comprises fifty-six million acres which have to serve the needs of nearly fifty million people. "Excluding Scotland, which contains a very high proportion of mountain-tops and highland, there are thirty-seven million acres for the forty-five million people in England and Wales—i.e., 0.8 acres per head for all purposes. That includes the mountain-tops of Snowdonia, the Lake District and the Pennines, and has to serve all our needs. Of actual food-producing land—that is, land under crops and grass—there are twenty-two to twenty-three million acres; that is, about half an acre of farm-land per head of population. As a comparison, the United States has fourteen or fifteen acres per head for all purposes."\*

That, put as clearly as I have ever heard it put, is the present situation of this country, whose population, it should be noted, is not diminishing but still increasing. When one turns to the rest of the world, and particularly of those parts of it from which an urbanised Britain has for the past century obtained the bulk of its food, the position is almost equally disquieting. "It is estimated that the world as a whole has fourteen or fifteen acres per head of the population, of which four or five acres can eventually be used. . . . The estimated world population is 2,350 millions

and the present rate of increase is twenty millions a year. There is less food per head of the population in the world to-day than there was ten or twenty years ago, and it is not the Indians or Chinese who are making the major contribution to the population increase. It is the whole of the American Continent which shows population increases above the average, and in particular it is the South Americans, the Argentines, the Brazilians and the Venezuelans who are consuming the beef which used to come here."

The speaker, having shown how narrow is the existing margin between the people of this country and famine, proceeded to demonstrate how rapidly that margin was likely to narrow in the future. Between 1945 and 1951, he pointed out, there had been an estimated net annual loss of thirteen thousand acres of agricultural land a year to housing, industrial development, roads, mining and the Service Departments. During the next twenty years it seemed probable, however, that that loss would average fifty thousand acres a year. "At an overall estimate we might lose a million acres in the next twenty years and, assuming that most of that acreage will come out of the land under crops, and grass, that represents what Professor Dudley Stamp would call the 'grub-stake' of two million people." But the potential loss to the nation's larder did not even end there. It seems probable that a further two million acres of agricultural land will have to be withdrawn from food production to enable the Forestry Commission to reach its vital targets of reafforestation in a country now dangerously denuded of timber. That means that the twenty-two million acres of British food-producing land available to support our vast and growing population of fifty million will be eventually reduced to little more than nineteen million acres. For though the two million additional acres needed by the Forestry Commission will be taken mainly from hill-land, it is on such land that Britain maintains the hardy breeds of sheep and cattle from which our lowland farms are stocked.

"These substantial flocks and herds are the vital material for lowland farming. They maintain the foundation flocks of the pure breeds from

which, by cross-breeding, the greater part of the sheep in the country are ultimately derived and periodically replenished."

For this reason the Duke urged a new approach to the problem by the Forestry Commission, whose distinguished chairman was present at his lecture and with whom he urged farmers to co-operate in every possible way. His plea was that the Commission, instead of following the line of least resistance and requisitioning hill-land in large blocks—easy to administer but dangerously wasteful of our overstrained farming resources—should initiate and encourage wherever possible the planting of small strips of trees on slopes and other pieces of land hard to cultivate. Such a policy, whatever its difficulties, would serve the ends both of agriculture and forestry, providing shelter for the former and timber for the latter. It was the policy, he pointed out, followed by the great eighteenth-century landlord planners who made lowland England at once the most beautiful and the most productive agricultural land in the world. And "by merging the new occupation of forestry with the traditional occupation of farming in these areas, you will retain not only the beauties and attractions of those seemingly limitless hills, but also the character of the people who live on them, who with the farmers and hill shepherds are of the finest and sturdiest stock in the country." The weakness of all our modern departmental planning, as I see it, is that we think in terms only of quantity and numbers. Yet Britain's historic achievements have always depended, not on quantity and numbers—which, except for a short time in the Victorian era, we never, relatively speaking, possessed—but always on quality and the fullest possible and most economical use of our limited resources. And that, to survive in the world, is what we have got to learn to achieve again to-day.

\* The Duke of Northumberland, "Farming and Forestry," Address to the Farmers' Club, October 5, 1953.



PRESIDING AT THE OPENING OF THE CONFERENCE OF FINANCE MINISTERS OF THE COMMONWEALTH IN THE HOTEL AUSTRALIA, SYDNEY, ON JANUARY 8: MR. R. G. MENZIES, AUSTRALIAN PRIME MINISTER (SEEN WITH HANDS CLASPED AND FACING CAMERA), WITH MR. R. A. BUTLER ON HIS RIGHT.

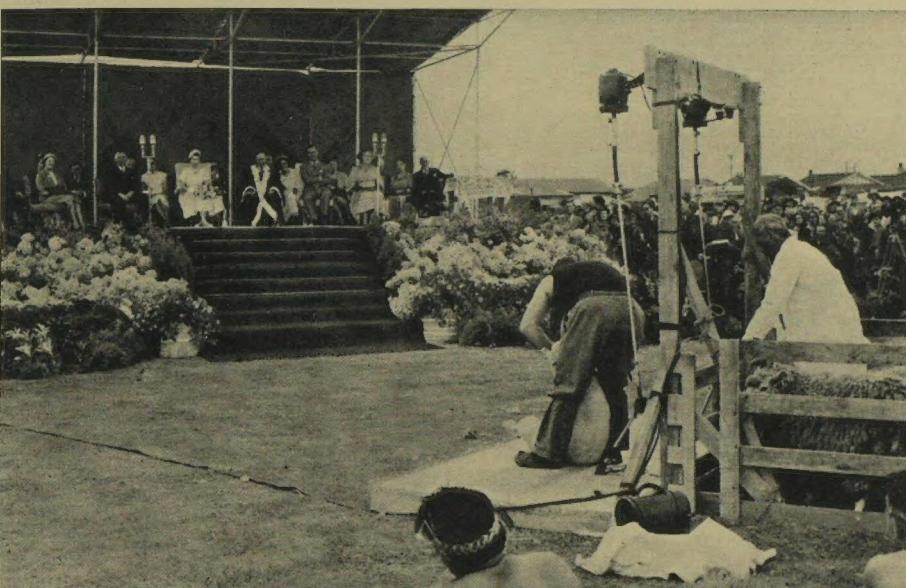
The Conference of Finance Ministers of the Commonwealth, which was attended by Mr. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was opened in Sydney by Mr. R. G. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, on January 8, and continued until January 15. It was agreed at the first day's session of the Conference that the main task was now to build up the economic strength of the Sterling Area by developing resources which would earn increased income and in this way contribute to the balance of payments. A statement issued at the end of the Conference, while not containing many concrete decisions, reviewed in general terms the agreement reached by the Finance Ministers. Mr. Menzies said that the success of the Conference should be judged by applying the historic test of asking whether the Ministers had understood one another and one another's problems better. He was sure the answer was in the affirmative.

## THE ROYAL TOUR: SCENES IN GISBORNE, NAPIER, STRATFORD AND NEW PLYMOUTH TOWARDS THE END OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO NEW ZEALAND'S NORTH ISLAND.

ON January 6 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Gisborne by air from Rotorua. The Royal visitors spent three hours in this little town on the east coast of North Island, where they went up to Kaiti Hill and looked over the Horseshoe Bay to the white cliffs of Young Nick's Head, named by Captain Cook after the boy in his company who first sighted New Zealand. After luncheon the Queen and the Duke flew on to Napier to attend a civic reception at McLean Park, where the brothers Bowen repeated the masterly

[Continued below.]

(RIGHT.) ON KAITI HILL: THE QUEEN LOOKING DOWN ON THE LITTLE TOWN OF GISBORNE. A HIGH PEAK NEAR BY IS THE FIRST POINT IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE ON WHICH THE SUN RISES EACH DAY.



AT MCLEAN PARK, NAPIER: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WATCHING THE BOWEN BROTHERS GIVING A MASTERLY EXHIBITION OF SHEEP-SHEARING.

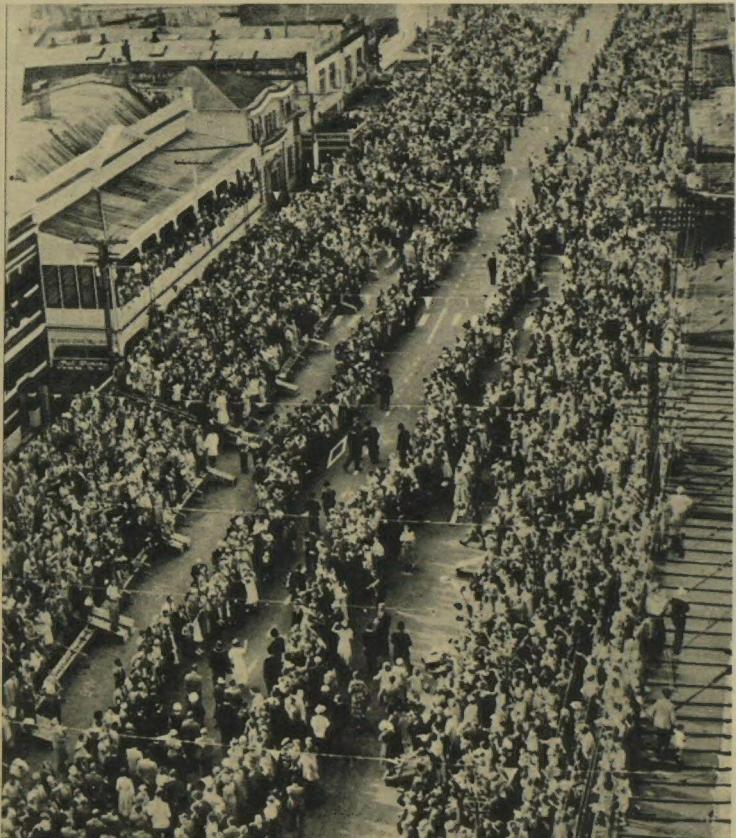


ARRIVING FOR A CIVIC RECEPTION IN NEW PLYMOUTH: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH DRIVING PAST CHEERING CHILDREN IN PUKEKURA PARK.



WAVING TO THE CROWDS LINING THE MAIN STREET: THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (RIGHT), WALKING DOWN THE MAIN STREET OF STRATFORD.

Continued.] sheep-shearing demonstration which they gave at Hamilton during the Duke of Edinburgh's absence at the Wellington funeral. The night was spent at Hawkes Bay, and on the following day, January 7, began a two-day "whistle-stop" train journey to the West Coast. At Stratford, one of the halting-places, the Queen and the Duke walked the length of the main street before rejoining the train. On January 8 the Royal train drew into New Plymouth, a city in the district of Taranaki, where on the following day the Queen and the Duke attended a reception in Pukekura Park before leaving for Wellington.



ABOUT TO WALK DOWN THE LENGTH OF STRATFORD'S MAIN STREET BEFORE REJOINING THE TRAIN: THE QUEEN IN CROWDED BROADWAY.

THE QUEEN IN NEW ZEALAND'S CAPITAL:  
INCIDENTS OF THE ROYAL VISIT TO WELLINGTON.



THE QUEEN'S WELCOME TO WELLINGTON, THE CAPITAL OF NEW ZEALAND: THE HUGE CROWDS IN WALLIS STREET, AS THE PROCESSION OF CARS ENTERED THE CITY.



HER MAJESTY INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR ON THE OCCASION (ON JANUARY 11) WHEN SHE ATTENDED A STATE LUNCHEON IN A HALL IN PARLIAMENT HOUSE, WELLINGTON.



THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF NEW ZEALAND, SIR HAROLD BARROWCLOUGH, RECEIVES THE ACCOLADE FROM THE QUEEN AT THE INVESTITURE IN WELLINGTON TOWN HALL, JANUARY 12.

After the railway journey from Napier to New Plymouth (reported elsewhere in this issue) her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh flew from New Plymouth to Wellington, the capital of New Zealand, in a Dakota of the R.N.Z.A.F. The principal incident of the visit to the capital was the Queen's opening of Parliament, reported on page 107; here we show some other incidents of her stay in the capital. After her arrival on January 9, the Queen attended morning service on January 10 at the cathedral church of St. Paul, but had no other public functions on that day. January 11 was marked by a civic reception at the Town



IN THE SPLENDOUR OF HER CORONATION DRESS AND WEARING THE RIBBON OF THE GARTER, THE QUEEN, WITH THE DUKE, IS RECEIVED AT PARLIAMENT HOUSE BY BLACK ROD.



HER MAJESTY LAYS THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW ANGLICAN CATHEDRAL IN WELLINGTON. (RIGHT.) THE PRIMATE AND ARCHBISHOP OF NEW ZEALAND. (Photograph by Radio)

Hall, followed by a State luncheon at Parliament House. During her speech the Queen made a brief but happy reference to Sir Edmund Hillary's ascent of Everest. In the evening the Queen received heads of diplomatic missions. On January 12 was the opening of Parliament; and on the evening of the same day the Queen bestowed the accolade on three new knights. On Jan. 13 the Queen held a Privy Council while the Duke addressed scientists at the New Zealand National Museum. During the morning the Queen laid the foundation-stone of the new Cathedral. On Jan. 14 both the Queen and the Duke went to the races at Trentham.



A UNIQUE, HISTORIC AND BEAUTIFUL OCCASION: HER MAJESTY, IN HER CORONATION DRESS AND WEARING THE RIBBON OF THE GARTER, OPENS THE NEW ZEALAND PARLIAMENT IN THE COUNCIL CHAMBER OF PARLIAMENT HOUSE, WELLINGTON.

For the first time in the history of New Zealand, a reigning Sovereign opened Parliament, when on January 12 her Majesty performed that ceremony at Parliament House, Wellington. There is no longer an Upper House in New Zealand but it was in its former precincts, now known as the Council Chamber, that the ceremony took place. The Queen, who was dressed for the occasion in her magnificent embroidered Coronation dress, wore the ribbon of the Garter and a shimmering tiara. She was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, in naval uniform, and she was received and preceded into the Chamber by Black Rod. When she was seated on the throne, with the Duke on her left and with diplomatic and civic dignitaries on either side, Black Rod summoned the Members of the House of Representatives, who entered, preceded by the Speaker, Black Rod, the Serjeant-at-Arms with the Mace, the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition. These bowed to the Queen and took their places on the right and

left. The Queen, whose speech began with the words, "Honourable Members of the House of Representatives," spoke clearly and audibly, without any mechanical amplification. She made a particular reference to the "community of spirit which exists among the Parliaments of our Commonwealth"; and speaking of the greater ease and speed of modern communications, said: "It will always be my endeavour to take advantage of the opportunities afforded by our age" to enter into the problems and aspirations of New Zealand with ever-closer sympathy and understanding. She spoke of her great satisfaction at being the first Sovereign to address the House of Representatives—a privilege of which ill-health had tragically robbed her father. In referring to the ties of Commonwealth, she also spoke of the fine example given by the firm partnership of Maoris and Europeans in New Zealand. On her way from the Chamber the Queen handed over her speech to the Speaker of the House.

THE Military History Society of Ireland is still in its early youth. Only the brave or rash will foretell its future. Learned societies sometimes live long, and many in existence to-day have already assumed the patina of an honourable antiquity. On the other hand, shelves of big libraries are crowded with short sets, witnesses to ventures cut off in apparently lusty youth. Some have been extinguished and reborn; on the title-page the inscription "Second Series" may tell a pathetic story of the death of a spirit which could not be dispensed with, a lack of interest leading to a cessation of publication, a revival and a new start. To-day journals and "proceedings" are handicapped by high printing costs, so that the journal of this Society has begun its career at a difficult time. However, it has reached Vol. I., No. 4, in good form. And with this number is published a list of the contents of the first volume, affording a suitable opportunity for a look at its aims and achievements.\*

For the Society's purposes, Irish military history has been defined as the history of warfare in Ireland and of Irishmen in war. Irish national armies have not engaged in foreign campaigns, though Irishmen have fought all over the world. The material at the disposal of Irish military historians is of diverse kinds. There are the records of Irish resistance to the English (or British). A kindred subject which sometimes crosses the lines of the first—as in 1641–1649, when half-a-dozen elements fought for causes shading off from that of the Crown to that of independence—is participation in British civil wars. Then comes a subject of particular interest to this society, Irish legions or brigades in foreign service, mostly France and Spain. Then there are individuals, exiles or adventurers, in foreign service, that of the Empire and South American republics predominating. Contingents with a brief life took part in many wars. Some of these are virtually unknown even to their own countrymen. The present number recalls one of this type in an article entitled "The Irish Company in the Franco-Prussian War." Of the biggest subject, Irish service in British armies and navies, I shall speak later.

The activities of the Society are not confined to the publication of its Journal. They include, besides lectures, visits to Irish battlefields. Nor is the membership by any means exclusively Irish. Like every new-born Society, this has owed much to energetic and enthusiastic men, among whom I will name only its president, Sir Charles Petrie, and the Editor of the Journal, Dr. G. A. Hayes-McCoy. Anyone who is interested in the subject will find other leading spirits in the list of contents to which I have alluded or in the Journal itself; but these two deserve particular notice. The Journal contains a number of articles of substantial length, others quite short, and a series of notes on single points. I am not sure that this section does not comprise the best examples of scholarship and, though some of the subjects are minute, one frequently finds examples of original work which will prove of value to the more general historian. While a fair proportion of the contributors are professional historians, some others are amateurs in the best sense, working their own small preserves assiduously. Professionals profit greatly by the aid of such men.

The membership is, as is natural, predominantly nationalist in sympathy, but it includes ex-officers of the British Army and "black" men like myself, an Ulsterman (and the son of a former Ulster Unionist M.P.), long settled in England. This is as it should be. Historians and lovers of history should be first and foremost—well, historians and lovers of history. I do not subscribe to the theory that the historian should never take sides, because I think that would be against human nature and might make modern history even more arid than it tends to be. Yet the historian should put a bridle on his passions and his politics, honourable though they may be, and strive to be impartial in his handling of his material. Irish history has in the past often been handled in a way

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### THE IRISH SWORD.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

which cannot be so described, both by English writers dealing with Ireland and Irish dealing with their own country. The smaller community is as a rule the worst offender in such matters. I suggest with diffidence that it has here.

This is one of the many respects in which the Military History Society of Ireland can help the cause of sound history. It draws together not only specialists in almost every phase and element of Irish military history, but also people of widely different ideals and ways of thought. The country itself was, only a short generation back, involved in a successful revolt, followed by a hot civil war, memories of which, already dim in English minds, are fresh in Irish. It is not alone the events, but the sentiments which lay behind them which remain lively. Tact and generous feelings have overcome these difficulties so far—and, if they have so far been successful in this, the task is not likely to be as hard in future. Everyone has been allowed to have his say, on the platform and in the pages of the review, so long as he conforms to reasonable standards. But, to return to a subject which I have already mentioned, the history of Irish regiments in the British Army, while it has been represented,

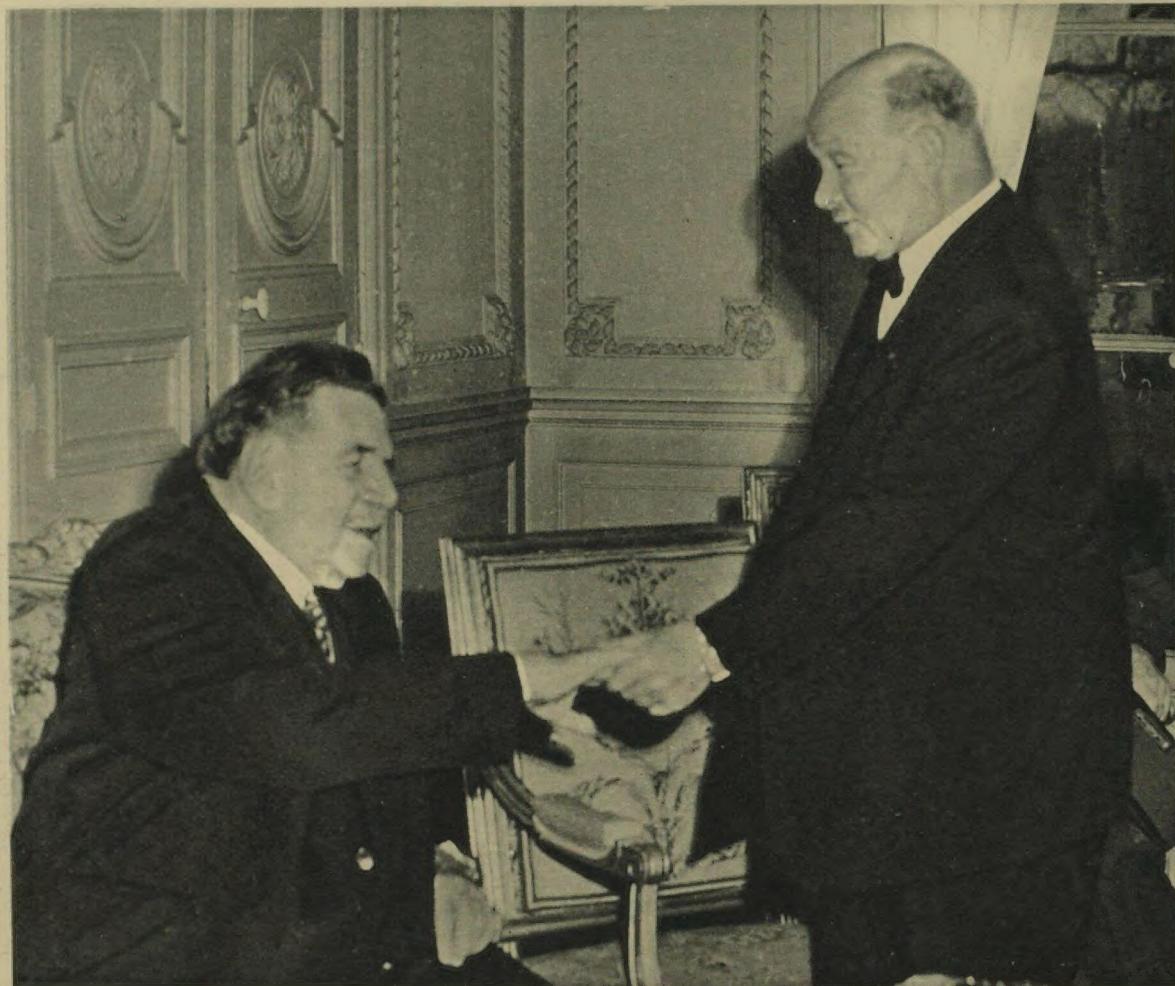
prejudiced and, what is worse, always on the defensive against home criticism. The Irish wars did not in general go so well as to free them from the inclination to make a case for themselves. Still, the English sources are good and extremely interesting, including as they do the work of remarkable letter-writers such as Sir Henry Sidney, Sir William Fitzwilliam, Sir Geoffrey Fenton, Lord Burgh and Lord

Mountjoy, besides innumerable subordinates currying favour by reporting over the heads of their superiors. Here, however, those who have not time and opportunity to work for long spells in London are handicapped unnecessarily. The early Elizabethan Calendar of State Papers relating to Ireland is a mere reference to the subject of documents, often without a word on their contents. Then the principle was changed, and finally everything of importance was printed in full. The huge and splendid volume I am now working on covers only eight months of the year 1600. I know not where the money or initiative would come from, but it would be a vast boon to scholars if all the Tudor calendars before the expansion mentioned were compiled anew. I say this, even though photography has made things easier for those who know what they want and have the means to pay for it.

One reason why Irishmen ought to make up their minds to dig the Tudor period over and over, even if the proportion of gold to dross is low, is that it represents the end of an age, of a Celtic culture. Plenty of Irish Celts play great parts later on, and sometimes whole regiments may be of that origin, untouched by English blood, though perhaps not by that of Scots

mercenaries from the Western Isles. But, for good or ill, they have become, I will not say Anglicised, but at least Europeanised. They begin to conform to a general pattern. Up to the reign of James I., outside the towns and the Pale, Ireland is a Celtic community, waging war on the lines traditional to it, though adopting firearms which it could not make itself and even copying to some extent English and Continental tactics and dispositions. To me it seems that every iota of new information on the military as well as on the social and economic side is of value, and most of it is of great interest. Dr. Hayes-McCoy himself made, a good many years ago, a magisterial contribution in his study of Scots mercenaries in Ireland, but I fancy there is still more to be found out about the "butter captains" and Irish conditions of service. Perhaps even a few sources in the Irish language are still untapped.

If there exists any danger of the material on Tudor military Ireland becoming exhausted, this is not the case later on. If the Society has the good fortune to get editors as good as its first and to keep the enthusiasm of its members, it may live to a good old age without the former finding it difficult to fill his Journal, even if this were to be published more often than once a year as at



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY WITH THE HONORARY PRESIDENT: M. LE TROQUER (RIGHT), WHO WAS ELECTED ON JANUARY 12, WITH M. EDOUARD HERIOT, WHO IS NOW RETIRING FROM THE FRONT RANK OF PUBLIC LIFE.

On the morning of January 13, M. Edouard Herriot, the retiring President of the National Assembly, handed over his powers to M. Le Troquer, the sixty-nine-year-old Socialist, who was elected on January 12. M. Le Troquer, who lost his right arm in World War I, was elected a Deputy in 1926. He is a member of the steering committee of the Socialist Party, and for three years has been the senior Vice-President of the Assembly. M. Le Troquer won on the third ballot by 300 votes against the 251 cast for M. Pflimlin (M.R.P.). M. Herriot, who, for reasons of health and age, is retiring from the front rank of public life, was elected by the Assembly on January 14 to the Honorary Presidency of the Assembly for life.

has not as yet had a large place. If the Society continues to move on its present lines it will in all likelihood be given a bigger one later on.

Undoubtedly the best work accomplished has been in the years from 1641 onwards. As I have been concerned with an earlier period, I must say with all modesty that students at work after the mid-seventeenth century have an easier task than their predecessors. They find abundant and increasing material of a genuinely Irish character. Working on the reign of Queen Elizabeth I., as I have in the past and am now again, I should say that almost 99 per cent. of the material is from English sources. On the Irish side we have two sets of annals, both useful, but one ending before the end of the reign and the other written some time afterwards, and both rather bald and shaped to a convention. We have a history written by an exile in Spain largely from hearsay, though also useful. We have (but again to the credit of English collections) a number of letters written by Irishmen to Englishmen. We have a few letters of great value sent by Irishmen to Spain and preserved at Simancas. I was lucky enough in a brief visit to come on one which had not, to my knowledge, previously been published. Not much more is known.

This is a heavy handicap, because the English commentators and correspondents are obviously

present. The foreign documents relating to Irish troops who served under various flags have surely not all been exploited. Up till now the Society has not shown as much strength on the mediaeval side as I should like to see, but, as I have explained, it is still very young and may hope to gain adherents who will reinforce it in that field. On the whole, it has maintained a remarkably high standard in scholarship and accuracy and has avoided that dull and slipshod writing only too often associated even with scholarly work in the journals of learned societies.

Here, then, is a venture which I think deserves well of every Irishman interested in the history of his own country, whatever his present abode, whatever his ideology. It has worked on a remarkably small cash basis, though it has had some kindly aid from the Cultural Relations Committee of Ireland. If it is poor, it is proud. The production standard is sound and dignified, if modest, and the illustrations have been excellent and relatively numerous. I find in it a great deal more of interest than I can discover in certain more pretentious learned publications. I am not asserting that it is perfect, and perhaps different views are held on what constitutes perfection in such a publication, but I can say with confidence that it is conscientious without being heavy. I trust that it will have the opportunity to grow better still.

\* "The Irish Sword: The Journal of the Military History Society of Ireland." (Dublin: The Sign of the Three Candles, Fleet Street.)

## THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC ASSUMES OFFICE.



THE RECEPTION AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE WHICH FOLLOWED THE FORMAL TRANSMISSION OF POWERS FROM THE OLD PRESIDENT TO THE NEW: M. RENÉ COTY ADDRESSING THE COMPANY.



AT THE ELYSÉE PALACE ON JANUARY 16: GENERAL DASSAULT, CHANCELLOR OF THE ORDER, INVESTING M. COTY WITH THE GRAND CROSS OF THE ORDER OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR.

On Saturday, January 16, M. René Coty assumed office as President of the French Republic. The stately ceremonies began with the formal transmission of powers from the outgoing President, M. Auriol, to his successor. M. Coty drove to the Elysée, where he was greeted by M. Auriol, and after having kissed the Tricolor flag in the courtyard, entered the palace. He was first invested with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour by General Dassault, Chancellor of the Order, and then, after proceeding in solemn procession to the Salle de Fêtes, he was invested with the Collar of the Grand Master of the Order of the Legion of Honour, which



WEARING THE GRAND CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR AND THE COLLAR OF THE GRAND MASTER OF THE ORDER: M. COTY, THE NEW FRENCH PRESIDENT.

had formerly been worn by M. Auriol, and received the Accolade from General Dassault. The band of the Republican Guards then struck up the Marseillaise and a twenty-one-gun salute announced that M. Coty had assumed office. M. Coty and M. Auriol then made short but impressive speeches, and later drove in State to the Hotel de Ville, where a reception was held. At the Hotel de Ville M. Coty made a speech in which he emphasised the need for a vigorous effort at social renovation and economic expansion. The enthusiasm with which the crowds greeted the new President and his well-loved predecessor was noticeable.

## A GREAT ENGLISHMAN, CHRISTIAN AND SCHOLAR.

"ST. THOMAS MORE"; By E. E. REYNOLDS.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE last full-scale biography of St. Thomas More to be written by a Catholic was that of Fr. T. E. Bridgett (the third edition of which was published in 1899, and which is now out of print), and while the success of Professor R. W. Chambers' biography (published in 1935) shows that there is a wide non-Catholic public interested in St. Thomas More, a need has long been felt for a modern standard life, written by a Catholic and making use of new material that has come to light since Fr. Bridgett published his great work. So far the publishers, who add "Mr. Reynolds has, we think, written such a Life." With that any fair-minded and instructed reader will, I believe, agree—with the one reservation that the picture would have been completer had some attention been devoted to More's own activities, in his legal capacity, against heretics.

To the general public the name of this great Christian, scholar and lawyer is chiefly known as the writer of "Utopia" and the inventor of the word. To our parents and grandparents he was far more widely and intimately known through a delightful book by Miss Anne Manning, which was called "The Household of Sir Thomas More," and which was published a hundred years ago. It was an "imaginative reconstruction" fairly close to the facts, and it fastened surely upon one of the central things about More. When we have finished reading any book about him, we remember the reluctant progress of the statesman to the Lord Chancellorship, the intimacy with a great brotherhood of scholars all over Europe, the Speakership, the Embassies, the writings: but above all, two things—the steadfast faith and the rich home life.

Mr. Reynolds shrewdly uses Miss Manning's title as that of his first chapter. And,



SIR THOMAS MORE'S ELDEST DAUGHTER: MARGARET ROPER. A water-colour miniature by Holbein which was probably painted a few months after her father's execution. This miniature, together with one of her husband, William Roper, has only been reproduced previously in Paul Ganz's "The Paintings of Hans Holbein" (1950).

Reproduced by Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. [Illustrations from the book "St. Thomas More"; reproduced by Courtesy of the Publisher, Burns Oates.]

barren, I will do what I can." He did: greatly to our benefit. It may well be that Holbein's immense success in what proved to be a very "fertile field" indeed, was due to More's patronage; his immediate encouragement led to family portraits which are the most familiar to us of all the portraits of the time.

The background firmly set, the story follows. From the start, even when he was a page to Cardinal Morton, people noted More's exceptional character and understanding. He tried to become a priest (had he succeeded he would still have reached eminence and the scaffold), but the "household" side of his nature was too strong for him. As he gradually rose in the world he steadily engaged in controversy. He was, to begin with, an earnest reformer, fully aware of the

where I have had convenient time and space to have remembrance of my end. And so help me, God, most of all, Master Pope, am I bound to his Highness that it pleaseth him so shortly to rid me out of the miseries of this wretched world. And therefore will I not fail earnestly to pray for his Grace, both here and also in another world.'

"The King's pleasure is further," quoth Master Pope, "that at your execution you shall not use many words."

"Master Pope," quoth he, "you do well to give me warning of his Grace's pleasure, for otherwise I had purposed at that time somewhat to have spoken, but of no matter wherewith his Grace, or any other, should have had cause to be offended. Nevertheless, whatsoever I intended, I am ready obediently to conform myself to his Grace's commandments. And I beseech you, good master Pope, to be a mean unto his Highness that my daughter Margaret may be at my burial."

"The King is content already," quoth Master Pope, "that your wife, children and other friends shall have liberty to be present thereat."

"O how much behoden then," said Sir Thomas More, "am I to his Grace, that unto my poor burial vouchsafe to have so gracious consideration."

That comes from the narrative of his son-in-law Roper, who tells us also of his last prayers and little jests on the scaffold. According to another authority he ended by begging them "earnestly to pray for the

King that he might have good counsel, protesting that he himself died the King's good servant, but God's first." His death was as his life: he showed his old equanimity, humour, courage, and utter integrity. Within a hundred years John Aubrey, who was not a Catholic, wrote: "Methinks 'tis strange that all this time he [More] is not canonised, for he merited highly of the church." Canonisation of More, and of his friend Bishop Fisher, came with the 400th anniversary of their martyrdom.

Mr. Reynolds tells his story clearly, movingly, and with a full and able use of his materials. He is especially free with his quotations from More himself, both from his works and from his letters. The English works alone are so voluminous that they would justify the existence of a man who was a professional writer and nothing else. They were published in a huge black-letter volume during the brief opportunity offered by the reign of Queen Mary. A scheme was launched before the war for reprinting them all.



A "LIVELY REPRESENTATION OF THE MORE FAMILY": FAMILY GROUP—A PEN DRAWING BY HOLBEIN.

Mr. Reynolds says: "It is fortunate that a brief note has been written against each figure in the sketch. The writer was Nicolaus Kratzer (1487-1550), Astronomer to Henry VIII, who taught astronomy in the More household."

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faults and corruptions of the Church. But when he realised that laying emphasis on these was merely giving a handle to those who wanted to smash the Church into fragments, he changed his ways, and became a passionate defender of unity. In a way it was for unity he died.

The King may not have been especially eager to kill More; but he had to have his own way, and any man who was not willing to assist him to get it had to be removed. Past friendship—if it can be held that Henry (a very able and cold-blooded Renaissance prince) was capable of friendship—meant nothing: complete subservience was wanted. More was willing to accept the Act of Succession, which did not necessarily imply recognition of the bigamous marriage, but he simply could not accept the King as the Supreme Head of the English Church, and to all questions on the subject he was obstinately silent. The mind of the despot, who had himself been orthodoxy incarnate until he wanted a new wife (and, perhaps, the goods of the Church), is understandable only in so far as we think of it, like Hitler's, in terms of self-assertive will. More was no disloyal subject, where a higher loyalty was not concerned. His duty to his earthly prince he acknowledged until the day of his death. On the morning of his execution an official of the Tower brought him the news.

"Master Pope," quoth he, "for your good tidings I most heartily thank you. I have been always [and though he was capable, in "Utopia" and elsewhere, of subtle and genial irony, he was not mocking here] much bounden to the King's Highness for the benefits and honours that he hath still from time to time most bountifully heaped upon me; and yet more bound am I to his Grace for putting me into this place



SIR THOMAS MORE, 1478-1535.

From a painting by Holbein dated MDXXVII. Oil and tempera on wood. [Reproduced by Courtesy of the Frick Collection, New York.]

as shrewdly, he opens with an account of how Holbein was sent to see More, being unable to earn a decent living in Switzerland. Sir Thomas wrote to Erasmus: "Your painter, my dear Erasmus, is a wonderful artist; but I fear he will not find England the rich and fertile field he had hoped; however, lest he find it quite



SIR THOMAS MORE'S SECOND WIFE: DAME ALICE MORE. By Holbein. Painted on wood. There is no study for this portrait. Reproduced by permission of Lord Methuen, A.R.A.

I wonder how it is getting on. Few, I conceive, will ever again wish to read every word that More ever wrote; but even the most loquacious of his controversial writings contain good and arresting things. I used to have a copy of that black-letter tome, and often dipped into it at random, never without reward.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 134 of this issue.



THE AVALANCHE HORROR : A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HUGE MASSES OF SNOW, MINGLED WITH ICE, SOIL, BOULDERS AND RUBBLE ROARING DOWN A MOUNTAINSIDE ABOVE ZERMATT.

Our photograph, which shows an avalanche roaring down a mountainside above Zermatt, gives a vivid impression of the horror of this manifestation of Nature's destructive power. During the last two weeks avalanches have brought suffering and disaster on an unprecedented scale to Austria; and also, in a lesser degree, to Switzerland. On other pages we reproduce photographs of the scenes of these

catastrophes, which have entailed a heavy loss of life. Road and rail traffic in the Western Province of Austria has been dislocated, and rescue parties have had difficulty in reaching their objectives. Quick thawing during the day rendered the situation even more dangerous. On January 15 a new avalanche in Northern Styria, and threats of others were reported.

## AVALANCHES BRING DESTRUCTION TO AUSTRIAN AND SWISS VILLAGES.



AT WORK ON A HOUSE IN WHICH PEOPLE WERE KNOWN TO BE BURIED: A RESCUE TEAM AT BLONS, VORARLBERG PROVINCE, AUSTRIA.



IN HOSPITAL AFTER HER TERRIBLE EXPERIENCES: A WOMAN WHO WAS BURIED FOR THIRTY-SIX HOURS AT BLONS.



SHOWING THE INCREDIBLE DESTRUCTION CAUSED BY THE AVALANCHE: A HOUSE AT BLONS, VORARLBERG, AFTER IT HAD BEEN STRUCK. RESCUE WORKERS ARE ON THE RIGHT.



SHOWING HOW HELICOPTERS WERE ABLE TO ASSIST IN THE RESCUE WORK: AN AIRCRAFT, CARRYING A VICTIM STRAPPED TO AN EXTERIOR STRETCHER, TAKING OFF FROM BLONS.



A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION OF THE DISRUPTION OF COMMUNICATIONS CAUSED BY THE AVALANCHES: WORKMEN DIGGING TO REOPEN THE AXENSTRASSE ROAD BESIDE LUCERNE.



THE REMAINS OF WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN THE HOME OF A FAMILY IN BLONS: A PHOTOGRAPH INDICATING THE IMMENSE VOLUME OF SNOW WHICH COMPOSES AN AVALANCHE.

The first news of the disastrous avalanches which have brought death and destruction to villages and hamlets in Austria and Switzerland came on January 12, and subsequent reports revealed the catastrophe to be the worst as yet suffered in Austria. The most seriously affected region is in the Vorarlberg Province of Austria; and the village which suffered most heavily was Blons, near Bludenz, which was



THE SCENE AT DALAAS RAILWAY STATION AFTER IT HAD BEEN STRUCK BY AN AVALANCHE: ONE OF THE COACHES OF THE EXPRESS TRAIN WHICH WAS WRECKED IS SHOWN ON THE LEFT.

partly covered by two consecutive avalanches, burying many people under snow and débris. Other disasters occurred at Schruns; and Dalaas, in the Vorarlberg, where the railway station, houses, three occupied coaches and a train were swept away. Victims were also reported in the Tirol, Salzburg and Styria; and Switzerland on January 12 reported at least twenty-three dead. On January 15 the total

## TRAGIC SCENES AND TIRELESS RESCUE WORK IN THE MOUNTAINS OF EUROPE.



SEARCHING THE RUINS OF BUILDINGS WRECKED BY THE FIERCE ONSLAUGHT OF AN AVALANCHE : A RESCUE TEAM IN A SWISS VILLAGE IN THE CANTON OF SCHWYZ.



RESCUED AFTER SHE HAD BEEN BURIED WITH HER INFANT GRANDCHILD FOR TEN HOURS : AN AGED WOMAN IN THE VORARLBERG.



ILLUSTRATING THE DIFFICULTY OF RESCUE : POLICE HELPING A VICTIM IN THE WALSER VALLEY TO SAFETY.



A JOURNEY TO THE CASUALTY STATION BY SLEDGE : RESCUE WORKERS BRINGING ONE OF THE INJURED ALONG A SNOW PATH IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF BLONS.



WHERE THREE PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND ONE INJURED : THE RUINS OF A SWISS HOUSE WHICH HAD BEEN THROWN VIOLENTLY AGAINST ANOTHER BUILDING BY THE AVALANCHE.



DIGGING WITH LONG-HANDED SHOVELS AND SPADES IN THE RUINS OF A HOUSE WHICH WAS DESTROYED IN SPRINGEN, SWITZERLAND : WORKMEN AND FIREMEN RESCUE WORKERS.



AN ANIMAL VICTIM AT BLONS : A COW UNCOVERED BY RESCUE WORKERS AND PACKED WITH HAY IN ORDER TO KEEP IT WARM. MANY CATTLE HAD TO BE SLAUGHTERED.

death-roll in the Austrian Alps was given as 119, of whom sixty-six were from Blons and neighbouring hamlets in the Walser valley. It was also reported that some people were still thought to be buried at that time. Energetic rescue measures were undertaken at once, and volunteers from Germany, Switzerland and Liechtenstein crossed into the Vorarlberg with rescue and First Aid equipment. Many ground

rescue teams worked for seventy-two hours at a stretch; and fine work was done by Swiss and American helicopters which took victims to Ludesch, from whence ambulances conveyed them to hospital. On January 15 a snowfall cut off rescue workers at Blons. Skiers at Ludesch, waiting to relieve them, started to trample down the snow to enable a helicopter to take off from Blons.

## TEXTILE FRAGMENTS FROM CLASSICAL ANTIQUITY: AN IMPORTANT FIND AT KOROPI, NEAR ATHENS.

By JOHN BECKWITH, Assistant Keeper, Department of Textiles,  
Victoria and Albert Museum.

SOME textile fragments of considerable importance have been acquired recently by the Victoria and Albert Museum. Said to have been discovered in a bronze *kalpis* together with bones and fragments of other textiles powdered to dust at Koropi, near Athens, these fragments are the first textiles surviving from classical antiquity to have been found in Greece. The *kalpis*, unfortunately, has been disposed of privately and its present whereabouts is unknown.



FRAGMENTS OF THE FINE LINEN CLOTH DISCOVERED IN A BRONZE *Kalpis* AT KOROPI: THE THREE ON THE LEFT BEAR AN IMPRESSION OF THE EMBROIDERED PATTERN AND THAT ON THE RIGHT HAS A SELVAGE.

"Five fragments, all part of the same fabric, were once embroidered, although now only the holes made by the needle and the thickness of the thread define the pattern. Five fragments are plain, three bear the impression of the embroidered pattern, and one has a selvage." The sizes of those shown in our photograph are, on the left: top, 7½ by 4½ ins.; centre, 3 by 3 ins.; bottom, 6½ by 8½ ins.; and on the right, 17½ by 7½ ins.

The textiles consist of ten fragments of fine linen cloth coloured, as the result of impregnation by copper from the urn, a delicate shade of green with occasional patches of brown. Five fragments, all part of the same fabric, were once embroidered, although now only the holes made by the needle and the thickness of the thread define the pattern. Five fragments are plain, three bear the impression of the embroidered pattern, and one fragment has a selvage. Their dimensions range from 17½ ins. by 7½ ins. (54 by 18 cm.) to 17 ins. by 3½ ins. (5 by 9 cm.). The design is an all-over diaper, with each lozenge containing a lion walking with tail lifted in the air and one of the forepaws raised, as it were, in salutation. It is not possible to be sure which is the face of the cloth and which is the back; the embroidered fragments have been mounted to show the pattern to the best advantage. Thus the lions walk from left to right and appear to be looking straight ahead. The size of the lozenges varies slightly, but the average measurement is 1½ ins. (35 mm.) in height and 1½ ins. (41 mm.) in width. The lion is ½ ins. (8 mm.) from head to foot and ½ in. (13 mm.) from nose to tail.

The diaper pattern appears to be most common on Greek vases dating to about the last quarter of the fifth century B.C. Before the fifth century patterns on costume tend to be chequer rather than diaper (cf., the François Vase in Florence), and after the fifth century the Greeks seem to have a preference for costume in a single colour. Diaper patterns, on the other hand, are to be seen on the late fifth-century Attic *krater* from Faleria, now in the Museo Vallo Giulia, Rome, where Pallas Athene's *peplos* and that of Hebe are decorated with an all-over lozenge design containing in the centre of the lozenge a cross. On

a hydria from Kertch, now in the Hermitage Museum, the trousers and sleeves of Paris are decorated with an all-over diaper; and a similar design is to be found on the trousers and sleeves of an Amazon on an *amphora* at Breslau. Indeed, Phrygians and

foreigners appeared to be singled out frequently with patterns of this kind.

Lions with one forepaw raised occur fairly often on orientalising and archaic vases and bronzes, where they are sometimes *regardant*, and sometimes with the head turned back over the body, but the style of the lion on the textile as far as one may judge from the imperfect state of preservation, would appear to be later than these and, combined with the all-over diaper, suggests a date towards the end of the fifth century B.C. This attribution is made with some hesitation and it is not without interest that an inscription of 349-345 B.C., giving an inventory of garments and other textiles dedicated to Artemis Brauronica at Athens, mentions a coverlet with animals raising their right forepaw in the centre, and a hydria from Kertch, dating c. 330 B.C., show diaper patterns containing a small bird in the lozenge.

Since the linen cloth on which the embroidery was worked is without selvages, it has been assumed for convenience that the warps are vertical with the pattern; both warps and wefts are spun to the right (Z) with 75 warps to the inch (30 per cm.) and 75 wefts to the inch (30 per cm.); the linen was probably undyed. In the area of the needle-holes small dark particles remain, with some fibres intermingled; attempts to detach these particles for analytical purposes tend to be frustrated by disintegration. It has been possible, however, by X-ray and spectroscopic analysis to confirm the presence of silver and some gold in the textile. The fibres intermingled with the particles suggest a fibre core which may have been silk or linen; it seems probable that the embroidery was worked in threads of silver-gilt metal strip wound directly on a core. The embroidery stitches are equally difficult to determine. Couched work (self-couching or underside), double-darning, back-stitch, all varieties of cross-stitch and closed herring-bone stitches could result in a patterning of holes. The holes are not regularly placed as they would have been if the woven threads had been counted, but as a rule those which outline the diaper are separated in one direction by three threads and in the other by groups of three to seven threads. In Thérèse de Dillmont's "Encyclopædia of Needlework," p. 136, Fig. 233 shows a closely-worked diagonal cross-stitch (there called basket-stitch) which could produce holes similar to those in the fragments from Koropi. It seems unlikely that the embroidery was a large article of clothing, and I am inclined to think that, taking the urn into consideration, it was more likely to be a veil or cover of the kind used to wrap up gifts or offerings.

One of the pieces of linen, which is not embroidered, has a selvage; it would appear to be a different cloth, looser in weave, with a warp count of 60 to the inch (24 per cm.) and weft count of 63 to the inch (25 per cm.) at the selvage and in the centre of the cloth 45 warps to the inch (18 per cm.) and 60 wefts to the inch (24 per cm.). Both warps and wefts are right-spun (Z). The spinning is of interest, since Egyptian Dynastic linen is spun to the left (S). In the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum, there is some plain linen cloth from the breast of the mummy of a young Greek girl found at Lycopolis (Assiut), unfortunately undated. The linen, however, is also right-spun (Z) and is undyed.

Examples of gold or silver-gilt embroidery are extremely rare as survivals from the Antque and Late Antque periods. A fragment of woollen fabric with gold embroidery in a vine-leaf and ivy design, dating probably from the third century B.C., was found in

a woman's grave in the immediate vicinity of Kertch, and the gold thread is well preserved, though the core has disappeared. Gold thread has also been found at Dura-Europos (terminal date A.D. 256), at Palmyra (terminal date A.D. 273) and at Halebie-Zenobia (c. A.D. 610). Tapestry medallions containing gold thread wound on a silk core, dating from the fifth or sixth century A.D., are to be found at the Röhss Museum of Arts and Crafts, Sweden, and in the Victoria and Albert Museum; a tapestry medallion with gold leaf wound, perhaps, on a Z-spun linen core, is in the Textile Museum of the District of Columbia, Washington, D.C. In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, two particularly fine fragments of late antique tapestry depicting Dionysos and Ariadne and scenes possibly referring to Thetis, contain gold thread on a silk core. The metal is reported to be a natural alloy of gold with approximately 5 per cent. silver and 1 per cent. copper. Finally, a "gold tissue," now in the National Museum, Budapest, was found in a tomb at Kostolatz, in Moesia, not far from Belgrade; this also dates from the Late Antque period.

The whole range of the textile discoveries at Kertch and the Kuban area covers a period from the fifth century B.C. to the time of the Roman domination. They show the effect of the Hellenistic civilisation on a provincial people, but Moriz Dreger considered it premature to draw any general conclusions about the tastes and fashions of the Greeks merely on the basis of the objects found in the South Russian excavations. The important textile discoveries made at Pazyryk, in the Altai Mountains, dating from the fifth century B.C. (cf.: R. Barnett and W. Watson: "The World's



THREE OF THE TEN FRAGMENTS OF THE FIRST TEXTILES SURVIVING FROM CLASSICAL ANTIQUITY TO HAVE BEEN FOUND IN GREECE: TWO ON THE LEFT OF EMBROIDERY AND, ON THE RIGHT, ONE OF PLAIN LINEN CLOTH.

The design on the fragments of linen cloth dating from the late fifth century which have been found near Athens "is an all-over diaper, with each lozenge containing a lion walking with tail lifted in the air and one of the forepaws raised, as it were, in salutation. Our photograph shows (left) two fragments of embroidery; top, 4½ by 4½ ins.; bottom, 8 by 4 ins.; and on the right a fragment of plain cloth, 7½ by 5½ ins.

Photographs by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Oldest Persian Carpet," *Illustrated London News*, July 11, 1953, p. 69) show the effects of Achaemenid culture, passing, perhaps, through the Caucasus and Bactria, on a Mongolian people, and supplement the finds at Noin Ula which, of later date, about the beginning of the Christian era, gave evidence of the culture of the Bactrian upper classes and of Parthian Iran, both influenced by the Hellenistic world. The Crimean and the Mongolian sites have provided textiles which show the impact of Greece on the barbarian taste; the embroidery from Koropi may help to show the impact of the Orient on Greek taste.

At the present stage of our knowledge of antique textiles one is hesitant to give an opinion of the provenance of the embroidery, but it would not be unreasonable to suppose that the embroidery was worked in Greece.

*[Continued opposite.]*



SHOWING THE DIAPER DESIGN AND LIONS: A FRAGMENT OF A LATE FIFTH-CENTURY EMBROIDERY FROM ATTICA.

*Continued.]*

Embroidery was supposed by classical authors to have been invented by the Phrygians, but it is clear that the technique was known throughout antiquity in the Near Eastern countries—Babylonian work was particularly admired—and there are also frequent references to embroidery in the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey." The women embroiderers previously recognised on Greek vases are now thought by Dr. Six and Dr. Margrethe Hald to be weaving braids. The difficulties of exploring classical texts for references to textile techniques are notorious. Classical authors scarcely ever touch on the technical aspect of the matter. Their vagueness is accentuated by the difficulties of translation or of arriving at any satisfactory gloss. The confusion between tapestry and embroidery, common enough to-day, becomes almost unavoidable when consulting the texts. In the past it has been the custom from Otto von Falke onwards to stress the fact that the Greeks used

tapestry work to decorate their clothes, and scholars have gone to some length to deny the use of embroidery to the Greeks. It is not without irony that the first textile to be discovered in Attica should be an embroidery. I should like to thank Sir John Beazley, Mr. Bernard Ashmole, and the staff of the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities, British Museum, for assistance on the style and date of the embroidery; Dr. Plenderleith, of the British Museum, was kind enough to make X-ray and spectroscopic analyses, Mr. Rawlins made further examinations, using the Machlett X-ray tube, and Dr. Metcalfe, of the Botanical Gardens, Kew, analysed the fibres, although, unfortunately, he did not arrive at any conclusive result; Mr. Donald King, of the Textile Department, Victoria and Albert Museum, has been a close consultant, and I am deeply indebted to Miss N. V. Wade and Mr. R. Smith for assistance in technical details and preliminary microscopic tests.

Photograph by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.



THE "RAINBOW BOARD": THE GOWER STREET ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART, WHERE THE BRILLIANT COLOURS OF THE NOTICES HAVE WON THE NAME "RAINBOW BOARD." EXTREME LEFT IS EPSTEIN'S BUST OF BERNARD SHAW, A NOTABLE BENEFACTOR OF THE ACADEMY.



IN THE WARDROBE VAULTS OF R.A.D.A.: WARDROBE MISTRESSES WORK ON WIGS AND COSTUMES, WHILE ONE DRESSES THE HAIR OF MISS ANNA STEELE, ONE OF THE KENDAL PRIZE-WINNERS—AND A KITTEN DOES ITS BEST TO WRECK THE COSTUMIER'S WORK.

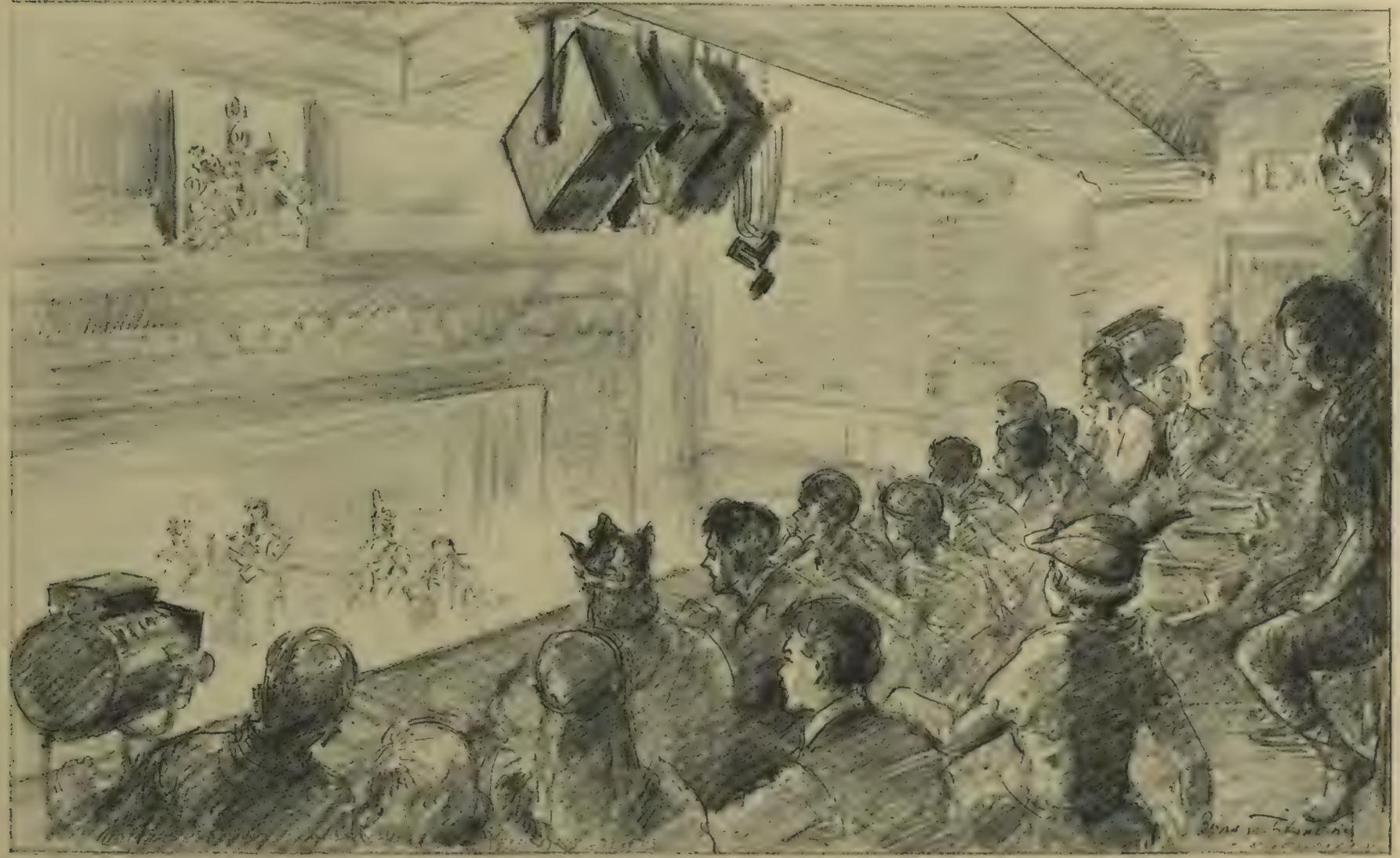
AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ART: THE "RAINBOW BOARD"; AND WORK IN THE WARDROBE VAULTS.

This year, 1954, is the Jubilee Year of R.A.D.A.—the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. It was founded at His Majesty's Theatre in 1904 by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and transferred the following year to Gower Street. In 1906 the control was taken over by a Council consisting of Sir Squire Bancroft as President, Sir Herbert Tree, Sir John Hare, Sir George Alexander, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Mr. Cyril Maude, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Sir Arthur Pinero and Sir James Barrie, with Mr. George Pleydell Bancroft as Administrator until 1909, when Mr. Kenneth

Barnes was appointed. In 1913 it became a Corporate Body and, in July 1920, it was granted a Royal Charter by King George V. In 1921 the Prince of Wales became Patron and formally opened the Academy Theatre. In 1924 it received a grant from Parliament, and since then the Royal Family have taken an increasing interest in the work of the Academy. The Queen and the Queen Mother are both patrons, the Queen Mother taking the keenest interest in the work and laying the foundation-stone of the new Vanbrugh Theatre in 1952.



CLASS WORK AT R.A.D.A.: SIR KENNETH BARNES, THE PRINCIPAL, CRITICISES THE WORK OF FIRST-YEAR STUDENTS WHO, IN PLAIN CLOTHES AND ODDS AND ENDS OF COSTUME, HAVE BEEN REHEARSING A SCENE FROM SHAKESPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT."



THE "GODS" AT THE KENDAL PRIZE COMPETITION: STUDENTS AND FELLOW-COMPETITORS, SOME IN COSTUME, LOOK DOWN FROM THE GALLERY OF THE TINY GOWER STREET THEATRE ON A SCENE FROM SIR JOHN VANBRUGH'S "THE CONFEDERACY."

R.A.D.A.'S JUBILEE: WITH THE "GODS" DURING THE KENDAL PRIZE COMPETITION; AND WORK IN CLASS.

Here and elsewhere we reproduce drawings by our Special Artist of current activities at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, and tell something of its history and growth. It now has about 300 students from twelve or so different countries. Its academic year consists of three terms of eleven weeks and the course of study is six terms. The subjects taught fall into several groups: voice production, diction, phonetics and broadcasting; mime; rehearsal of plays under tuition; deportment, dancing and fencing as required on the stage; stage management,

production and scenic design; lectures on poetic drama, history of the drama and theatrical representation and French dramatic literature; and, sometimes, acting in French. There are many scholarships and grants available, some from education authorities, others memorial scholarships and the gifts of benefactors; and there are a great number of awards and prizes, of which the Bancroft Gold Medal, the R.A.D.A. Medals and the Kendal Prize—for which we show the last annual competition—are perhaps best known to the general public.



WITH STAGE STARS OF TO-DAY WATCHING POTENTIAL STARS OF TO-MORROW: A BRILLIANT THEATRICAL AUDIENCE IN THE R.A.D.A. THEATRE WATCHING THE COMPETITION FOR THE KENDAL PRIZE.

Since its foundation in 1904 by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's Theatre, the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art—since 1920 the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art—has grown steadily in size and significance. The list of Associate Members from whom its Council is in general drawn blazes with some of the most brilliant names of the day, and it is an extraordinary circumstance that most of them are general; and of these 200 or so members, almost exactly half, are former pupils of the Academy. Her Majesty the Queen and her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Queen

Mother are the two patrons of the Academy; its principal (since 1909) is Sir Kenneth Barnes, the brother of Violet and Irene Vanbrugh; and the President of its Council this year, Mr. Felix Aylmer. Until its new Vanbrugh Theatre is completed—Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother laid the foundation-stone in November, 1953—the various annual performances for the pupils are given in the Old Vic Theatre, and it is the auditorium of this theatre that our artist shows during the competition for the Kendal Prize (December 15, 1953). On the stage Bernard Shaw's "Dark Lady of the Sonnets" is in progress, with Shakespeare haranguing the Cloaked Lady (Queen Elizabeth I.); in the box at the back are the judges Miss Adrienne Allen, Miss Irene Worth, Mr. Hugh Hunt, Mr. Trevor Howard and Mr. Stephen Mitchell. In the stalls the artist noted, among other celebrities, Dame Sybil Thorndike and Sir Leslie Casals, Mrs. Dennis and Lady Parker, Miss Flora Robson (then president of the Council), Lady Hardwick, Miss Athene Seyler and Mr. Ernest Milton. In the foreground, extreme right, can be seen the Principal, Sir Kenneth Barnes.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

On this occasion, as sometimes happens, the prize was divided, the winners being Miss Anna Steele, who played Mrs. O'Shea in a scene from "Parnell"; and Mr. Ian Holm, who played the young hero in Act I. of "The Holly and the Ivy"; and he has now joined the Shakespeare Company. The Committee of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art last November, when she paid another visit to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art last November, where she spent two hours watching the students at work. Other drawings of the activities of R.A.D.A. appear elsewhere in this issue.



## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

WHAT has happened in recent years, I wonder, to *Habranthus pratensis*?—or to give it its correct name, *Hippeastrum pratense*. It is many years since I last saw

this splendid bulb, either in a garden, a nursery, or at a show. I first met it at the Great International R.H.S. Show, when the Society migrated, never to return, from the Temple Gardens to the Chelsea Hospital Gardens in 1913. In a most beautiful combined rock, water, meadow and woodland garden, R. Wallace had a group of this brilliant scarlet Amaryllis, which Reginald Farrer, in a report of the Show, described as "blushing scarlet at being exhibited as a hardy plant." On that same exhibit I saw, also for the first time, *Lilium regale*, which I rather think was then called *Lilium myriophyllum*, a name which it very soon and very successfully shed. The name *Habranthus pratensis*, on the other hand, has stuck. In fact, I have only just discovered that it should be *Hippeastrum*. Some years later a nurseryman wrote to me at my Six Hills Nursery saying that he was retiring from business, and would I care to buy his entire stock of *Habranthus pratensis*. There were, he said, quite a lot, and I could have them for a couple of pounds. Without demur or further enquiry, I sent the money, and along came the bulbs. They certainly were "quite a lot." Two good sacks full. All were planted out on a sunny, sheltered bed, and I felt I was on a good thing.

A few months later came an order for a hundred bulbs of *Habranthus pratensis*. By digging up the entire bed we just managed to execute the order, but only just. I don't think there were half-a-dozen good bulbs to spare. Narcissus-fly, *Merodon*, had got in, and every bulb except that hundred contained a revolting fat grub wallowing in pulpy mush.

My next encounter with *Habranthus pratensis* was when I met it growing wild in South Chile. My companion, Dr. W. B. Gourlay, and I were on our way to the little town of Victoria, and from the train we saw *Habranthus* growing in quantity and flowering brilliantly close to the railway line a few miles short of our destination. So a day or two later we walked back along the line to make the personal acquaintance of *Habranthus* and to kidnap bulbs. A few miles out we came to a wide, deep valley, spanned by a long

### HABRANTHUS PRATENSIS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.



A BRILLIANT SCARLET AMARYLLIS, ONCE DESCRIBED IN A REPORT OF THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL R.H.S. SHOW AS "BLUSHING AT BEING EXHIBITED": *HABRANTHUS PRATENSIS*, OR, TO GIVE IT ITS CORRECT NAME, *HIPPEASTRUM PRATENSE*. "It is many years since I last saw this splendid bulb (*Habranthus pratensis*)," writes Mr. Clarence Elliott, "either in a garden, a nursery, or at a show," and goes on to describe how he once met it at the Great International R.H.S. Show when it was described as "blushing scarlet at being exhibited"; and again growing wild in South Chile.

Copyright, "Amateur Gardening," London.

only thing was to sneak down into the valley, toil up the other side, and join the railway line at the far end of the bridge. But I paid for my cowardice. Whilst crossing a huge meadow at the back of a farm, I was spotted by a couple of immense, wolfish dogs, who came streaking and roaring towards me from the farm. I just had time to get on to a steep, rock-strewn slope before they got within baying distance, and fortunately I was able to keep above them and keep them at bay by hurling down chunks of rock at them. Seldom have I been so scared. In the end they seemed to think that honour was satisfied and returned to the farm. They were, of course, only doing what they were kept and fed to do, and they were undoubtedly good at their job. Eventually I rejoined Gourlay and we collected some *Habranthus* bulbs. But somehow that was the part of the afternoon's doings which I remember least. It was intensely hot, and the wind blew dust and sand at and into us, until our mouths resembled the proverbial bottom of a parrot-cage, and we had thirsts like lime-kilns. Then a miracle happened. We reached a railway siding. No station. Just a few sheds and a cottage—or, rather, a hovel—or two. "Bill," I said, "what about a nice cup of tea?" Tea, in Chile! Coffee, perhaps, but never tea, especially in such a children-ridden, poultry-stricken hovel as the one we went to. Coffee? Yes, the housewife could give us coffee. Again I murmured "tea" as a sort of morbid, sadistic jest. Yes, said our hostess, we could have tea, and she brewed a pot of *China* tea, real *China*. I'm not sure it was not *Lapsang Souchong*. How that tea was acquired we did not, of course, enquire. We accepted the brew thankfully as a heaven-sent miracle, and left it at that. But, of course, things do fall off trains, even in Chile, and having fallen they must be collected, if only for the sake of order and tidiness. Gourlay's full enjoyment of the tea was greatly spoilt by the innumerable moth-eaten chickens and grubby, verminous, scrofulous-looking children that swarmed over the floor and between our legs. Of the two, he seemed to detest the chickens most, though I was far more suspicious of the children. As poor Gourlay grew more and more uneasy, it occurred to me that a second miracle was called for, so I performed one. Our good hostess had produced for us a hunk of cake. Some of this I crumbled and scattered near the open door. Instantly the whole chicken population were milling madly for the feast. Then I threw a chunk the size of my fist

just outside the door. In a flash a leggy cockerel was on to it, and sprinting off with it into open country, followed by the entire chicken population. For all I know—or care—they are still in pursuit of the cockerel and his cake. Gourlay was immensely impressed with my seeming miracle, which was, of course, nothing but a play on hen psychology. I might, of course, have cleared the floor of children too, by slinging out half a handful of the small change with which, in Chile, one's pockets are always bulging. I thought of it too late. We returned to Victoria by the road. I was glad we did. Not only did I avoid the humiliation of funk walking the plank in mid-air across the valley and a second encounter with those blood-thirsty huskies, but we found and collected an interesting and beautiful shrub.

This was *Fabiana violacea*. It was very like the better-known *Fabiana imbricata*, which is a heath-like shrub growing to a height and a spread for 5 or 6 ft. or more, with great quantities of tubular white flowers nearly an inch long. In *F. violacea* the flowers are lavender blue and most attractive. We were fortunate in not only seeing this fine shrub, but in securing good seed. This species was also collected by H. Comber on one of his Andes expeditions. Of the two, *F. violacea* is the hardier, but in the cold climate of Stevenage it was not really reliable. I planted and lost it several times, and finally gave it up. At Exbury, near Southampton, it grew and flowered extremely well, and specimens sent to the R.H.S. from a neighbouring garden received a First Class Certificate.

Both *Fabiana imbricata* and *F. violacea* are well worth trying in any reasonably mild climate, and in upland districts. Both should be given light soil, and a fully sunny, open position. At Exbury a prostrate form of *Fabiana violacea* cropped up from my seed, but whether it ever found its way to other gardens I do not know. Both these *Fabianas* are easy to propagate by means of cuttings in late summer.

As to the hardiness of *Habranthus*—or *Hippeastrum pratensis*, I would say that it is a borderline plant. Nicholson's "Dictionary of Gardening" gives it as "nearly hardy," whilst the new R.H.S. "Dictionary" says "hardy in favoured districts."



AN INTERESTING AND BEAUTIFUL SHRUB: *FABIANA VIOACEA*, WHICH MR. ELLIOTT ONCE COLLECTED IN SOUTH CHILE. *Fabiana violacea*, which Mr. Elliott describes once finding and collecting in South Chile, "is very like the better-known *Fabiana imbricata*, but with flowers of lavender blue." It was also collected by Mr. H. Comber on one of his Andes expeditions.

Photograph by A. T. Johnson.

and immensely high iron bridge. The only way across was by a plank footway, no more than a couple of feet wide, laid between the single-line rails. There was, of course, no hand-rail. Just a clear drop on either side of the plank, sheer down amid open iron girder-work into the valley below. In spite of a nasty, gusty wind, Gourlay strolled across as though it was the shady side of Bond Street. For me the

A HEATH-LIKE SHRUB WITH GREAT QUANTITIES OF TUBULAR WHITE FLOWERS NEARLY AN INCH LONG: *FABIANA IMBRICATA* (FALSE HEATH), INTRODUCED INTO THIS COUNTRY IN 1838. *Fabiana*, a genus of some twenty-five species of heath-like shrubs, all natives of South America, especially of Chile, was named after a Spanish Archbishop, H. Fabiana, who studied botany. *Fabiana imbricata* grows "to a height and a spread for 5 or 6 ft. or more, with great quantities of tubular white flowers nearly an inch long."

Photograph by A. T. Johnson.

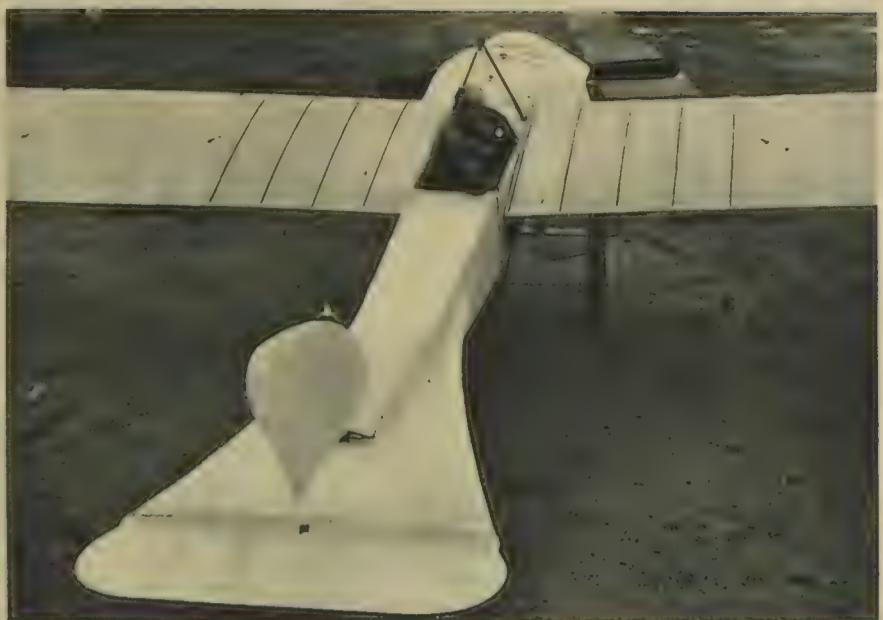
Recently I thought of buying a few bulbs and giving the plant a trial in a favoured bed. But I failed to find *Habranthus* offered in any of the likely catalogues through which I searched. Perhaps I would have been more fortunate if I had looked under *Hippeastrum*. I must try again.



HISTORIC AIRCRAFT, 1910-1918: A COLLECTION ACQUIRED BY THE ROYAL AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY.



WITH A 1909 HUPMOBILE MOTOR-CAR: A 1910 BLÉRIOT TYPE XI.A AIRCRAFT.



A 1911 BLÉRIOT TYPE XXVII, WITH MR. NASH IN THE COCKPIT. ("Flight" photograph.)



FITTED WITH A 90-H.P. ANZANI MOTOR: A 1912 CAUDRON G.3.



HAVING A 130-H.P. RENAULT 12-CYLINDER MOTOR: A 1913 MAURICE FARMAN.



SIMILAR TO THE BOMBERS USED IN WORLD WAR I.: A 1914 AVRO 504.



WITH A 140-H.P. CLERGET MOTOR: A 1917 SOPWITH CAMEL.



FROM THE RICHTHOFEN SQUADRON OF THE GERMAN AIR FORCE: A 1917 FOKKER D.VII.



A TYPICAL EXAMPLE OF AN R.A.F. FIGHTER OF WORLD WAR I: A 1918 S.E.5.

It was announced on January 13 that the Royal Aeronautical Society had bought a collection of eight historic aircraft dating from 1910 to 1918 from the collection of early mechanical transport owned by Mr. R. G. J. Nash, of Weybridge, Surrey. Thus the fear that these vintage machines might leave the country (Mr. Nash had received an offer from the U.S.A.) has been averted, and it is hoped that they may now form the nucleus of a National Collection. The oldest of the eight aircraft, which we show above, are the two Blériots of 1910 and 1911; the latter, the Gordon Bennett Cup machine, was found in France in a state of quite good preservation. It was flown by M. Alfred Leblanc, Blériot's test pilot, for trials at Hardelot, when it attained a speed of about 78 m.p.h. The 1912 Caudron came

from Belgium and was flown under its own power from Brussels in 1937. The 1913 Maurice Farman belonged to M. Farman and was flown by him prior to World War I, for many hours, and has flown in England since re-assembly. The 1914 Avro 504 is a typical example of the 504 design, is still in flying condition, and is similar to the bombers used in the early raids of 1914. The Sopwith Camel of 1917 was found in Essex. It has twin Vickers machine-guns and belonged to the Lafayette Escadrille of World War I. According to the former German Air Ministry, the 1917 Fokker D.VII, belonged to Jagdstaffel 71 and the Richthofen Squadron of the German Air Force. The 1918 S.E.5 is a typical example of a R.A.F. fighter of World War I, and is fitted with a 200-h.p. Wolseley motor.

All photographs, with the exception of the one top right, are by Courtesy of Mr. R. G. J. Nash.





THE whole tribe of Jones—a name as common as my own—will, I hope, gather round and cheer at what follows. For all I know, there may be several dozen illustrious members of the clan—are there clans in Wales?—who should be celebrated here in song and story. I only know of two; one Inigo, a notable creative artist who did much to civilise early-Stuart England by learning a trick or two about building design from Italy; the other John, not so distinguished a man by any means, but who clearly thought that posterity deserved something from him. Consequently at his death in 1882 he left his art collection—even at that time valued at a quarter of a million pounds—to the nation on condition that it should "be kept separate as one collection." Such bequests, though of course welcome, can be



FIG. 1. A PIECE FROM THE LATE PERIOD OF LOUIS XV.: A WRITING-CABINET AND DRESSING-TABLE.

Frank Davis, who in the article on this page, discusses the Jones Collection which has now been rearranged and placed on view in the Victoria and Albert Museum, describes this writing-cabinet and dressing-table as "an extravagant piece of frivolity which serves to mark the transition between two styles (Louis XV. and Louis XVI.)."

Illustrations by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

embarrassing to museums, and I hope you won't write that clause into your will; but it must be admitted that, in this particular case, pride of ownership did have some solid justification, for the Jones Collection, now beautifully rearranged at the Victoria and Albert Museum, is, by general consent and as far as French eighteenth-century porcelain and furniture are concerned, second only in quality to the superlative pieces at Hertford House.

This Mr. Jones was, I understand, a contractor to the army during the Crimean War, and to various Governments besides, and his speciality was boots. No one seems to know much about him, though I must admit I have not made very exhaustive enquiries. For some reason or other, which I have not been able to fathom, it has been suggested that his fortune was acquired by rather shady methods; that is a story which could well have been put about by disappointed acquaintances or even by disappointed charitable institutions. Anyway, there's no evidence, and I prefer to think of his shadowy person as that of a successful businessman who desired to do his country a good turn when his time came. Good turn it is, and we can well be grateful

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. IN PRAISE OF JONES.

By FRANK DAVIS.

that he was eccentric to the point of bequeathing his possessions to us. Yet, magnificent though his bequest is, he must have been a strange person. His French furniture, and his collection of Sèvres porcelain, are very much out of the ordinary, and so are two or three of the French pictures; but, to judge by the others, he would appear to have been unable to distinguish between the quality of, say, a Boucher or a Drouais and the most banal Victorian sentimentality. Certainly Boucher's portrait of Madame de Pompadour is a notable example of this most able decorator's ability to bring fairyland to earth; there's a bird singing away on the left amid the trees and the roses—a somewhat unlikely combination, perhaps, but this is not a suburban garden—and the pretty, intelligent Pompadour (and she was intelligent and she was pretty) has looked up from her music-book to listen. The painting of the grey silk dress is a miracle, likewise the spray of roses at her feet. The thing is, no doubt, not without the flattery lavished by a favourite and gifted painter on an extravagant patroness; but as long as women insist upon having brains as well as looks, this surely is how they would wish to be handed down to their descendants.

I suppose that of all the famous men whose names have passed into the language, that is whose names have become synonymous with their work, Charles André Boulle is the one in most disfavour to-day, and his characteristic style is the one which is the most difficult to absorb into any but the most formal and imposing room. None the less, if you can manage to think yourself back into the age of Louis XIV., it is impossible not to admire so magnificent a craftsman, with his inlay of brass and white metal (pewter, I think) and tortoiseshell, his ormolu mounts and those fantastic arabesque designs, many of which were hatched in the fertile brain of Jean Bérain. Boulle—the great Boulle—was the son of a cabinet-maker who in his day was a considerable person in his own right—and there were two sons of the third generation who carried on the tradition with such fidelity that they were unkindly referred to as "father's monkeys." He himself lived to be ninety (1642-1732) and was not only the leading cabinet-maker of his day but an enthusiastic and knowledgeable collector of works of art. This personal collection of his, by all accounts of very high quality, together with much of his own work, was lost in a disastrous fire in 1720. As I say, he is out of favour, but the heavy, complicated magnificence of his pieces is not to be despised merely because our notions of what is fitting are so different. They have a solemn dignity even if they lack grace, and the one or two pieces which Mr. Jones acquired for us are superlative examples of their kind.

I illustrate (Fig. 2) a large ebony wardrobe made for the King, with his cipher on a light-blue ground—two "L"s—in the centre of a cartouche on each of the upper doors. Both front and sides are covered

with arabesques in the style of Bérain (1640-1711), the designer and engraver who, in addition to his work on buildings and their contents, was also responsible for many designs for the decoration of ships of the fleet. With the writing-cabinet-cum-dressing-table of Fig. 1 we are on ground which is more familiar to us and better liked—an extravagant piece of frivolity which serves to mark the transition between two styles (Louis XV. and XVI.).

The collection is famous for its representation of porcelain from Vincennes and Sèvres, among them the famous ewer and basin of 1763 with a yellow ground, and a vase and cover presented to Catherine II. of Russia by Gustavus III. of Sweden. I must admit that I found Mr. Jones as odd with his porcelain as I did with his paintings. On second thoughts, perhaps it is I who am odd. Anyway, you walk in and are met by a case filled with tortured and sumptuous gold



FIG. 2. PROBABLY DESIGNED BY BÉRAIN AND EXECUTED BY BOULLE FOR LOUIS XIV.: A LARGE EBONY WARDROBE.

This ebony wardrobe, inlaid with white metal and tortoiseshell, was probably designed by Bérain and executed by Boulle for Louis XIV. It bears the Royal cipher of two "L"s on a light-blue ground in the centre of a cartouche on each of the upper doors.

anchor Chelsea which looks rather vulgar by comparison with the quiet elegance of the Sèvres—but perhaps he felt his way carefully and what we see does not actually represent his mature taste, but shows us the various steps up which he climbed. If that really is so, then this wonderful collection becomes more interesting than ever, and John Jones a human being instead of a queer, legendary tycoon.

Those who are bored with overmuch furniture can amuse themselves with small objects such as gold snuff-boxes, elaborate clocks, and such trinkets

as the columns of the Five Orders of Architecture, said to have been made for Marie-Antoinette—the very finest workmanship in lapis lazuli and gold. How absurd it is! Everyone, surely, knows what are the Five Orders? I stood before this exquisite piece of jewellery and couldn't remember the fifth, nor—horrifying thought—could the learned Museum official who stood beside me. Oh! yes, you must not on any account miss a few pieces of minor sculpture, all sweetness and light, and a terracotta head of a Bacchante by Marin. It is scarcely necessary to add that the collection is arranged with the neatest possible eye for effect; museums are no longer funeral parlours.

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## GERMAN PILOTS TRAINING IN ENGLAND.



TRAINING IN ENGLAND TO FORM THE NUCLEUS OF A NEW LUFTHANSA: A GROUP OF GERMANS WATCHING A FELLOW TRAINEE TAKE OFF IN A CHIPMUNK.



AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF AIR SERVICE TRAINING, LTD., AT HAMBLE, NEAR SOUTHAMPTON: FOUR GERMAN PILOTS BEING TAUGHT TO FLY AGAIN BY A BRITISH INSTRUCTOR (LEFT).



IN THE EQUIPMENT SECTION: ONE OF THE GERMAN PILOTS AT THE TRAINING SCHOOL LEARNING TO USE THE HAND-PADDLES IN A NEW TYPE OF DINGHY.

Four German pilots and three technicians are undergoing a three-months course of training at the Air Service Training School at Hamble, near Southampton. These pilots, although already experienced men, have not piloted an aircraft for eight or nine years. They are now being instructed in the many changes in flying technique. When these men leave Hamble they are going to the United States to complete their training before returning to Germany to form the nucleus of a new Lufthansa, the German civil airline. Air Marshal Sir Hugh Walmsley, managing director of Air Service Training, is reported to have said that the cost of training the seven men, between £4000 and £5000, will be borne by Luftag, the name by which the German company will be known for the time being.

## THE EXAMINATION OF THE B.O.A.C. COMETS.

On January 11 British Overseas Airways Corporation announced that they had temporarily suspended all their Comet jet airliner services "to enable a minute and unhurried technical examination" of every aircraft in their Comet fleet to be carried out. The Corporation described their decision to suspend their jet airliner services "as a measure of prudence" after the disaster which befell the Comet G-ALYP over the Mediterranean on January 10. The complicated task of dismantling and checking the jet airliners is being carried out by B.O.A.C.'s 400 Comet fleet engineers at the maintenance base at London Airport. It was reported that the full examination might take as long as a fortnight.



TOUCHING DOWN AT LONDON AIRPORT: A B.O.A.C. COMET AIRLINER WHICH FLEW BACK FROM SINGAPORE TO BE DISMANTLED AND EXAMINED.



"A MEASURE OF PRUDENCE" AFTER THE DISASTER WHICH BEFELL THE COMET G-ALYP NEAR ELBA: GROUND STAFF EXAMINING THE ENGINE BAYS OF A COMET.



UNDERGOING A "MINUTE AND UNHURRIED TECHNICAL EXAMINATION": ONE OF THE COMET FLEET BEING DISMANTLED BY ENGINEERS AT LONDON AIRPORT.

## THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## A CITY IN ILLYRIA.

By J. C. TREWIN.

GLADLY, I have spent many holidays in Illyria. Year by year, sometimes twice or thrice a year, I return to my old friends, to find how they have managed to alter themselves and even to vary the appearance of their capital city, their coast, their palaces and lordly estates.

The strangest things happen there. At one period, I recall, the Illyrians lived entirely in curtains and tapestries. Viola seemed to have been wrecked on a sea-coast neatly curtained; the Duke's favourite haunt was a draughty coign beneath a tapestry. Olivia has lived in state, with vast rooms that looked upon lawns suitably screened by box. At other times she has dwelt in a kind of skeleton house, a setting where the designer has driven her from pillar to post, or out into a garden where nothing whatever grows. (Very different, one gathers, from Beerbohm Tree's set with "real grass, real fountains, paths and descending steps.")

Just as their surroundings change, so do the people. I have noticed this less, maybe, with Orsino and Viola than with the Countess and her household. Olivia, that "virtuous maid," has varied, in my recollection, between an immensely imposing woman who might have sat for a portrait of Queen Elizabeth I. in middle age, and a girlish wisp under a parasol. Malvolio has been a dismal-jimmy of a precisian, a *poseur* in a ginger beard, and a youngish man apparently seconded from the Foreign Office. Sir Toby, Olivia's uncle, has been now a mild, grey-whiskered old fellow, now so determined a drunkard that he can hardly stay upright for a moment; and Sir Andrew has been everything between a vacant fumbler and a squeaking doll, rusty-voiced.

So full of shapes is fancy. One could go on for a long time, noting these changes in terrain and personality; asking who exactly Fabian is, and what is Feste's age, or turning out a monograph, excessively learned, on the word "twin" as interpreted by Illyrians of, say, the last thirty years. (Antonio must find, not infrequently, that his speech about "an apple cleft in two" sticks in his throat.) But Shakespeare's second title for the play of "Twelfth Night"—the only handbook to Illyria we have—is "What You Will." We can call the play anything, and we can people and furnish Illyria as we like. It is all very accommodating.

For my part, as in the latest "Twelfth Night," Denis Carey's at the Old Vic, I come invariably to Illyria with a pleasant shock of surprise. It is enjoyable to be back for the sixtieth time; once upon that coast, the Illyrian air has an agreeably blurring effect. The course of the plot is clear, yet one begins to wonder whether Malvolio will indeed be gulled, whether the twins will indeed meet, and what will happen to the amorous Duke. And one hears oneself murmuring "Think of that!" when both Viola and Sebastian remember that their father had a mole upon his brow (an epigraph for the play might be "Well said, old mole!"), and when Fabian breaks the news of Toby's marriage to Maria. The comedy cannot be frayed. It is possible to tire a little in mid-Adren, never in mid-Illyria.

Always I want to know what happens to the people afterwards. No doubt Viola and Orsino will be happy; and we can hope for the best with Olivia and Sebastian. Maria should keep Toby in his place, though the "little villain" is meant for better things than to be a fading Lady Belch. I hope she will be kind to Sir Andrew, whom she has called

"a very fool and a prodigal"; the poor knight has had too many bewilderments. And Malvolio? Is he "entretned to a peace"? Olivia says vaguely that he has been "most notoriously abus'd." Let us trust that he gets proper compensation. He will be harder to crack, I feel, than Orsino imagines; the bitterly-hurt fellow who rushes off, crying "I'll be

Illyrians. True, John Neville's Orsino has genuine grace; Illyria is ruled by a man, not a stick. Agreed, Gwen Cherrell is an unstrained and charming Olivia. True, the production is quiet and decorative in the mood of "an old antique song" rather than of "these most brisk and giddy-pac'd times." But Malvolio and Andrew still scurry into stage centre. It can be held that William Squire, as Andrew, is himself quiet and decorative. I have known the part intolerably guyed. It has sounded like the squeaking of the wry-necked fife. Mr. Squire's Andrew has nothing of the marionette manner. He is a ninny but an oddly engaging ninny. Clearly, his mind does not work; he is content to roam in a mist, looking "mazed" (as they say in a land far from Illyria), and clinging to Sir Toby, whom he admires. Vaguely, he delights in masques and revels. Vaguely, he cuts a caper. When he is in the garden in the very early morning—the drinking scene takes place, surprisingly, in a rose-twined arbour—and both cock-crow and Toby announce that it is too late to go to bed now, Andrew jerks into a sidelong giggle like a plotting fourth-former. He enjoys himself later while Malvolio is being baited, even sidling up behind the man to see exactly what the letter says; and he fights the duel with Viola in a kind of shivering flurry, like a dormouse, newly-awakened, with a sword thrust into its paw. This Andrew, with none of the usual tricks—he omits the "Admirable bubble"—is a good sort to have about the house; I hope to meet him in Illyria again.

Malvolio, as re-created by Michael Hordern, has the rasp of a file. He is a sulky poker of a man who yet can make "M'yes" sound incredibly like the snarl of Shere Khan in the "Jungle Book" film.

If not the best Malvolio I have seen, he is one of the first six, inventively varied in the Letter Scene but less happy when cross-gartered: enthusiasm might be moderated here. He could not be better at the end of the play, a monument of injured pride (and still plagued by an offending dab of straw in his shirt). This is not a Malvolio to be entreated to a peace at the drop of a hat; Orsino is altogether too hopeful.

Feste (Paul Daneman), Maria (Barbara Clegg), Fabian (Bruce Sharman): all well here, though one has known Festes less anxious than Mr. Daneman. I have taken a long time to reach two of the leading personages in Illyria. Where is Viola, where Sir Toby? They are here, and yet (for one listener) they are not. The lines are spoken, but Claire Bloom is not the Viola that has moved through the Illyria of my imagination, and Richard Burton never gets near Sir Toby. Miss Bloom looks well; technically, she is equipped. For me she never tells her love: it is a studied performance, and that is a fatal worm' i' the bud. Mr. Burton's Toby does not rush at the "quaffing and drinking": no Tunbelly Clumsy, he is resolved to keep the man reasonable without overplus of cakes-and-ale. All very well in theory: but he has no glint of May-morning humour. By under-playing Toby he whiskers him clean out of the piece. (Surely Edgar Wreford—

excellent now as Antonio—would have been a better choice.)

Never mind. The play remains exquisite, dear knight. I appreciated the return journey to Illyria, even though I wished that Mr. Carey, as the present master of the revels, had not been obliged to keep us all night before and about the "permanent façade" that this season has been an Old Vic woe. Certainly, the Illyrians can do without it.



"I COME INvariably TO ILLYRIA WITH A PLEASANT SHOCK OF SURPRISE. IT IS ENJOYABLE TO BE BACK FOR THE SIXTIETH TIME; ONCE UPON THAT COAST, THE ILLYRIAN AIR HAS AN AGREABLY BLURRING EFFECT": "TWELFTH NIGHT" (OLD VIC), SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH FESTE (PAUL DANEMAN, KNEELING) ENDEAVOURS TO WOO OLIVIA (GWEN CHERRELL) OUT OF HER MOURNING MELANCHOLY, WHILE MALVOLIO (MICHAEL HORDERN, RIGHT) DECRIES HIS EFFORTS. ("The Times" copyright photograph.)

reveng'd on the whole pack of you," will not be charmed into submission by a few bland excuses.

Although the current "Twelfth Night"—"Illyria next stop after Waterloo," in Christopher Hassall's phrase—is one for the romantics, Malvolio and Sir Andrew now hustle into the mind before the other



"WE KNOW DENIS CAREY'S QUALITY AS A DIRECTOR; HE HAS MANEUVRED THE COMEDY WITH A FLUENT GRACE, THOUGH BOTH VIOLA AND SIR TOBY ARE MISCAST": "TWELFTH NIGHT" (OLD VIC), SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK (WILLIAM SQUIRE) ACCUSES THE YOUTH HE SUPPOSES TO BE CESARIO OF HAVING WOUNDED HIM IN A DUEL, NOT REALISING THAT CESARIO IS VIOLA IN DISGUISE AND THAT HIS ASSAILANT WAS HER BROTHER SEBASTIAN WHOM SHE IS DRESSED TO RESEMBLE. OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS VIOLA (CLAIRE BLOOM); ORSINO (JOHN NEVILLE) AND OLIVIA (GWEN CHERRELL, RIGHT). ("The Times" copyright photograph.)

## OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" (Old Vic).—And on Twelfth Night, too: what could be more apt? This is one of the Romantic Revivals. We know Denis Carey's quality as a director; he has manoeuvred the comedy with a fluent grace, though both Viola and Sir Toby are miscast. Still, we are lucky in a Malvolio (Michael Hordern) and Sir Andrew (William Squire) of the first order; and John Neville must always be my first choice for Illyria's dukedom. The setting has to incorporate the "permanent façade": a pity. James Bailey, who here has designed the rest of the décor, has worked hard to get around the problem. (January 6.)

"LE COQ D'OR" (Covent Garden).—Rimsky-Korsakov's fantastic opera, sung (by Matti Lohi, Dobbs and Hugues Cuenod, for example), conducted (Igor Markevitch), produced (Robert Helpmann), and set (Loudon Wainwright) with all manner of success. (January 7.)

SOME PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:  
PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

DIED ON JANUARY 17: SIR ERNST BENN.

Sir Ernest Benn, the publisher, who was seventy-eight, was well known as a champion of the rights of the individual, and wrote many books and pamphlets expressing his strong views on the subject. He was chairman of the book-publishing firm of Ernest Benn, Ltd., 1924-1942, and chairman of the United Kingdom Provident Institution, 1934-1949.



AWARDED HONORARY DEGREES BY COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY: (L. TO R.) M. GEORGES SALLES, DR. A. V. HILL, DR. STUART PIGGOTT, DR. ANGELO PIERO SERENI AND SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS. Nine British scholars received honorary degrees at the bicentennial convocation held by Columbia University in New York on January 11. The degree of Doctor of Laws *honoris causa* was conferred on the former Attorney-General, Sir Hartley Shawcross, whilst the Nobel Prize winner, Dr. A. V. Hill, was made a Doctor of Science, and Dr. Stuart Piggott a Doctor of Humane Letters.



(Right.) DIED ON JANUARY 11: SIR A. COCHRANE.

Sir Arthur Cochrane, who had been Clarendon King of Arms and Principal Herald of the South, East and West parts of England since 1928, was eighty-one. He was Rouge Croix Pursuivant of Arms, 1904-1915, Chester Herald, 1915-1926, and Norroy King of Arms, 1926-1928. Sir Arthur also acted as Registrar of the College from 1919 to 1928.

TO BE AMBASSADOR TO PERSIA:  
MR. ROGER STEVENS.

Mr. Roger Stevens, Ambassador to Sweden since 1951, has been appointed Ambassador to Persia and has been made a K.C.M.G. Mr. Stevens was an Assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office, 1948-1951, after having been Head of the Economic Relations Department, Foreign Office, since May 1946. He was Secretary of the British Civil Secretariat, Washington, 1944-1946.

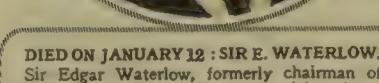


PILOT OF THE CRASHED COMET "YODE PETER": CAPTAIN ALAN GIBSON, D.F.C. Captain Alan Gibson was the pilot of the Comet G-ALYP, known as "Yoke Peter," which crashed in the sea off Elba on January 10 with the loss of all on board. Captain Gibson, who was thirty-one, served in the R.A.F. from 1941 to 1946, when he joined B.O.A.C. He was married and had three children. Captain Gibson's body was among those which were recovered from the sea.

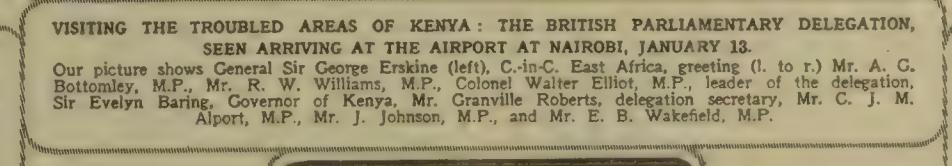


DIED ON JANUARY 11: MR. OSCAR STRAUS.

Mr. Oscar Straus, the Austrian-born composer, who was eighty-three, wrote over fifty operettas and 1000 waltz tunes. His best-known work was "The Chocolate Soldier," and others included "A Waltz Dream," "The Brave Soldier," and the waltz theme in the French film "La Ronde."



DIED ON JANUARY 12: SIR E. WATERLOW. Sir Edgar Waterlow, formerly chairman of Waterlow and Sons, printers, was eighty-three. The close interest he took in the welfare of printers and their trade resulted in his being made President of the Printers Pension Corporation Festival in 1938. Sir Edgar had been a Director of the French Hospital, Compton Lea, Roffey, Sussex, since 1898.



VISITING THE TROUBLED AREAS OF KENYA: THE BRITISH PARLIAMENTARY DELEGATION, SEEN ARRIVING AT THE AIRPORT AT NAIROBI, JANUARY 13.

Our picture shows General Sir George Erskine (left), C-in-C. East Africa, greeting (l. to r.) Mr. A. C. Bottomley, M.P., Mr. R. W. Williams, M.P., Colonel Walter Elliot, M.P., leader of the delegation, Sir Evelyn Baring, Governor of Kenya, Mr. Granville Roberts, delegation secretary, Mr. C. J. M. Alport, M.P., Mr. J. Johnson, M.P., and Mr. E. B. Wakefield, M.P.



CHOOSING THE SITE OF THE FOUR-POWER CONFERENCE IN BERLIN: (L. TO R.) GENERAL MANCEAUX-DEMIAU (FRANCE), MR. S. A. DENING (U.S.S.R.), MAJOR-GENERAL T. S. TIMBERMANN (U.S.A.) AND MAJOR-GENERAL C. F. C. COLEMAN (U.K.).

The three West Berlin Commandants and the Soviet Delegate agreed, on January 17, on the site of the Foreign Ministers' Conference due to start in Berlin on January 25. During the first and third weeks the meetings will be held in the former Allied Control Council building and in the second week in the residence of the U.S.S.R. High Commissioner in Germany.



THE FIRST PRIME MINISTER OF THE SUDAN: ISMAIL EL AZHARI (RIGHT).

On January 6 the Lower House of the Sudan Parliament elected Ismail el Azhari, leader of the National Unionist Party, as the country's first Prime Minister. Our picture shows him talking to the Governor-General of the Sudan, Sir Robert Howe, after the formation of the Cabinet.



THE BRITISH GUIANA COMMISSION OF ENQUIRY IN GEORGETOWN: (L. TO R.) MR. G. WOODCOCK, SIR JAMES ROBERTSON, SIR DONALD JACKSON AND MR. R. E. RADFORD.

Under the chairmanship of Sir James Robertson, the Constitutional Commission for British Guiana has been touring the colony. Its terms of reference, announced by Mr. Lyttelton, Colonial Secretary, on December 2, are to consider and to recommend what changes are required in the constitution of British Guiana. The Communist-led People's Progressive Party has already announced its intention of boycotting the Commission.



## THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

### ON BEHALF OF BALZAC'S POSTMAN.

By PETER FORSTER.

CERTAIN stories are too silly for words, and therefore have to be set to music. There is a convention, encouraged by composers and wildly applauded by the dear, great, silly, theatre-going public, that asininity is excusable sung but not spoken. Many operatic plots are feeble enough, but they in turn often seem models of contrivance compared with the vast improbabilities, the whopping coincidences, the unabashed puerilities upon which musical-comedy story-telling depends. Social historians of the future (who are usually invoked to support a strictly minority argument, such as this!) may well marvel that an epoch which brought realism in entertainment to a pitch hitherto unimagined, should yet have been the heyday of so much magniloquent twaddle; such duality of taste lies more properly within the province of the psychologist than of the critic. Does this seem harsh? Then perhaps objectors would care to sit through, say, an Ivor Novello musical, presented as a straight play?

What I marvel at most is the bland, take-it-or-leave-it air with which so many "books" insult one's intelligence. I echo and treasure the story of Balzac being told off by his postman. This happened when the great novelist had moved to a newly-acquired estate outside Paris, yet was resorting to every conceivable device, including disguise, in order to evade his ever-pressing creditors. Once, in the course of his morning's round, the local postman encountered the unmistakeable figure in no fewer than four different garbs. "Really, M. de Balzac!" he reproved. "This is becoming positively musical!"

The plot of the new film, "The Band Wagon," is also positively, nay excessively, musical. It is all about how a Broadway show is put on. And here a curious point obtrudes: why is it that so many film musicals should concern themselves with stories about stage musicals? The back-stage setting occurs times without number; the back-studio hardly ever. And so the convention must be observed whereby an auditorium is shown, and an audience, after which curtains part and we are transported across a stage the size of Salisbury Plain. And so we must be introduced to an atmosphere of patently false bonhomie and self-sacrifice, purporting to represent Show Business. And so we are expected to muster interest in a story that will assuredly involve misunderstandings between star and star, and star and director, until in the end "everything comes right on the night," though by then the meaning of "right" is surely a matter of opinion.

find such an experienced producer of musical films as Mr. Arthur Freed, falling into the elementary error of showing in detail a show which is then agreed to be a flop.

The puzzling thing is why, under the circumstances, the story convention need be observed at all. There is the making here of quite a pleasant revue. Mr. Astaire remains astonishingly nimble, and he shares a charming all-too-short interlude with Mr. Buchanan,



"IT IS A GOOD STORY, WELL TOLD": "THE MILLION POUND NOTE" (J. ARTHUR RANK), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE NEW BRITISH TECHNICOLOR COMEDY IN WHICH HENRY (GREGORY PECK) SNATCHES AT THE SWIRLING PAMPHLETS IN A FRANTIC ENDEAVOUR TO FIND THE MILLION-POUND NOTE NOW LOST IN THE "PAPER-STORM." MR. RONALD NEAME'S DIRECTION IS "RESOURCEFUL AND GAY."

when the latter stops trying to act somebody else, and dons top-hat, white tie and tails, to become again his own softly crooning, shuffle-dancing self. Miss Charisse is decorative and dances well enough, while it is known that Mr. Oscar Levant can play the piano rather better than he can supply some decidedly heavy light relief as an actor. In short, you have the ingredients for a pleasant hour of song and dance,

recalled charmingly if treated with sympathy, as the Players Theatre company and Mr. Sandy Wilson have shown in the recent, delicious "new musical comedy of the 1920s," "The Boy Friend."

But it is hardly to be wondered at that the producer of the film, Mr. Howard Hawks, faced with the problem of reconciling Miss Marilyn Monroe and Miss Jane Russell with the flat-chested fashions of thirty years back, decided to bring the old piece up to date. And he has done so very effectively. There are some good jokes, and some good scenes, notably that in which on board ship Lorelei bribes the purser to place a travelling millionaire next to her at table, only to find that the plutocrat is still a very small boy. There are some lively, hummable tunes, and at least one adroit and witty lyric in the theme-song, "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend."

This last is featured in an immense sequence, and sung by Miss Monroe. The prevalent colours here, with the exception of Miss Monroe's platinum poll, are black and magenta; huge human chandeliers of posing showgirls rotate to the music, crowds of exquisite young men simper and scamper, vast imitation jewels are flung in one's face, and the whole riotous episode would have delighted Huysmans, amounting as it does almost to an illustration to some of the gaudier fancies in "À Rebours."

This is where the film musical comes into its own. A Cochran, limited to the small stage of the London Pavilion, must perforce deal in delicacy and suggestion, but a film is throwing away its strongest card if it fails to deal in enormity and extravagance and sweeping, fantastic effects; its natural bent is for visual hyperbole. Both these films are genuinely entertaining when they realise this fact; and even if one dislikes them, one cannot deny that the medium is being properly used. Only the stories, as I have adumbrated, are another matter.

A third, light-hearted but non-musical film, "The Million Pound Note," serves to reinforce my argument. Miss Jill Craigie has based her screenplay on Mark Twain's anecdote about a beggar who is loaned a million-pound note for one month, on condition that he does not cash it; the point being that the mere impression of wealth will obtain unlimited credit, from shopkeepers, society and the Stock Exchange. Mr. Gregory Peck, with his rueful charm and talent for skilful underplaying, becomes Henry Adams, an American stranded in late-Victorian London, and the guinea-pig in a bet between two eccentric brothers



"NOT BASED DIRECTLY ON ANITA LOOS'S CELEBRATED BOOK, BUT ON THE MUSICAL COMEDY MADE BY JOSEPH FIELDS AND MISS LOOS FROM THAT BOOK": "GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES" (20TH CENTURY-FOX), A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH THE TWO GIRLS, DOROTHY (JANE RUSSELL) AND LORELEI (MARILYN MONROE) STOP AT A WAYSIDE CAFÉ AND BREAK INTO SONG.



"THERE ARE SOME GOOD JOKES, AND SOME GOOD SCENES, NOTABLY THAT IN WHICH ON BOARD SHIP LORELEI Bribes THE PURSER TO PLACE A TRAVELLING MILLIONAIRE NEXT TO HER AT TABLE, ONLY TO FIND THAT THE PLUTOCRAT IS STILL A VERY SMALL BOY": "GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES," SHOWING A SCENE, WITH MARILYN MONROE AS LORELEI AND GEORGE WINSLOW AS HENRY SPOFFORD III.

I am being pernickety, intentionally so, because long experience of fatuity should not soften one to the point of accepting it without protest. All the clichés and anomalies mentioned above, and numerous others, are featured in "The Band Wagon"; it is virtually an anthology of the hackneyed. An ageing star (Fred Astaire) attempts a Broadway come-back in a show produced by a megalomaniac man of the theatre (Jack Buchanan) whose highbrow additions to the book nearly ruin everything. There is also preliminary conflict and eventual loving reconciliation with a ballet dancer (Cyd Charisse). So dragging and dreary a yarn is not to be saved even by the personal charm of these performers, and one is surprised to

with a witty centrepiece ready made in the shape of a balletic version (danced by Mr. Astaire and Miss Charisse) of a Raymond Chandler-style gangster adventure. But as it is, "The Band Wagon" lasts for nearly two hours, the story being the price we pay for the songs.

Another new musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," has the advantage of a stronger plot, but I hasten to add that it is not based directly on Anita Loos's celebrated book, but on the musical comedy made by Joseph Fields and Miss Loos from that book. The adventures of the gold-digging Lorelei, and her friend Dorothy, are usually regarded as a light-hearted evocation of the 1920s. And that remote era can be

(Mr. Ronald Squire and Mr. Wilfred Hyde White) to the effect that the note will take its bearer into society. The situations flow naturally; Mr. Ronald Neame's direction is resourceful and gay; lots of accomplished players put in an appearance. But all these are as pearls strung on the good, narrative thread. It is a good story, well told: musical-comedy composers might do well to borrow it.

And that suggestion must be my parting gift to the film industry. Next fortnight the film criticism will be resumed by Mr. Alan Dent, who has returned from his travels and is now, like Lord Canning long ago, in a position to invoke the New World to restore the balance of the Old.



AN AIR DISASTER IN WHICH SIXTEEN PEOPLE DIED: THE WRECKAGE OF THE LONDON-BOUND CLOUDMASTER, OF THE PHILIPPINE AIR LINES, WHICH CRASHED IN A FIELD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ROME, NARROWLY MISSING A BLOCK OF FLATS.

A London-bound *Cloudmaster*, of the Philippine Air Lines, with sixteen people on board, crashed on January 14 a few miles from Ciampino, the Rome civil airport. The occupants, seven passengers and a crew of nine, were all killed instantly. The only British passenger on board was Michael Hosgood, a fourteen-year-old schoolboy. The aircraft, which started from Manila, and had left Beirut that morning, was on its way to London *via* Zurich. A communiqué issued on

January 15 by the Italian Ministry of Defence said that the machine crashed suddenly from 6000 ft., instead of while descending slowly to land as was at first thought. The aircraft hit the ground in a field, narrowly missing a block of flats, ploughed a 20-ft. crater and immediately burst into flames. Our photograph shows firemen, who were quickly on the scene, playing their hoses on the burning wreckage which was strewn over a wide area.

## NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD: RECENT EVENTS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



LEAVING SYDNEY ON HER LAST VOYAGE: THE BEFLAGGED P. & O. LINER *MALOJA*, WHICH IS TO BE BROKEN UP IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

On January 2 the P. & O. liner *Maloja* (20,914 tons) left Sydney, Australia, on her last voyage to the United Kingdom. With her sister ship *Mooltan* she is going to be broken up after thirty years' service. They will be replaced by the new 28,000-ton liners *Arcadia* and *Iberia*. The *Mooltan* arrived at Tilbury on January 7 at the end of her last voyage; she brought 600 passengers from Australia.



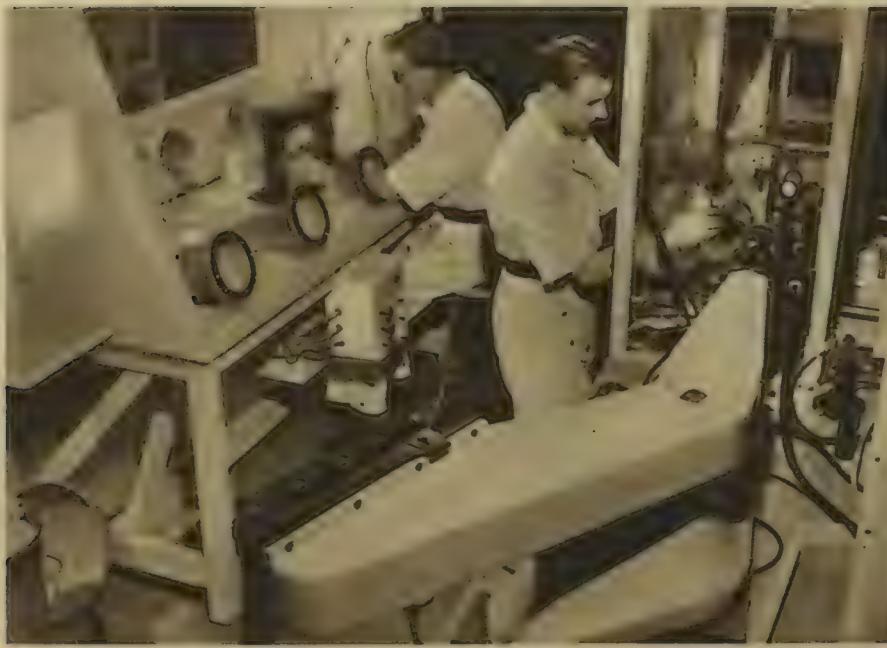
BEING TOWED BACK TO HARBOUR AT SWANSEA: THE BURNING ADMIRALTY TANKER

*WAVE VICTOR*, WHICH CAUGHT FIRE OFF THE NORTH DEVON COAST. The Admiralty tanker *Wave Victor*, 8,128 tons, caught fire in the Bristol Channel, off the North Devon coast, on January 17. Her crew of fifty, and ten others on board, including a woman, were saved. After the blaze had been brought under control the tanker was towed back to Swansea with her master, Captain F. C. Holt, on board with a fire-fighting party.



VICTIMS OF THE *COMET* CRASH: A SCENE INSIDE SAN GIACOMO CHURCH AT PORTO AZZURRO, SHOWING THE COFFINS OF SOME OF THOSE WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE DISASTER OFF ELBA.

The funeral of ten of those who lost their lives in the *Comet* crash off Elba on January 10 was to have been held on January 17, but was postponed until the following day. The coffins were taken to the church of San Giacomo at Porto Azzurro, the Elban fishing village where the bodies were landed when recovered from the sea. On January 17 Mr. Lennox-Boyd, Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation, left for Rome to investigate at first hand the problems confronting those engaged in the search for the wreckage of the crashed *Comet*, and to attend the funeral of the victims. On January 16 B.O.A.C. stated that no structural weakness had been found in any of the *Comet* aircraft examined at London Airport. The Corporation also stated: "The possibility of sabotage cannot be overlooked, and special security investigators are being sent to points along the route to the Far East . . ." The Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation have announced that a public enquiry into the disaster will be held.



ONE OF THE FIRST PICTURES SHOWING PRODUCTION AT BRITAIN'S ATOMIC FACTORIES:

"DRYBOXES" IN USE IN A "HOT" LABORATORY AT WINDSCALE, CUMBERLAND. A book called "Britain's Atomic Factories" (Stationery Office: 5s.) was published on January 18 in which an official report is given of the production of fissile material in Britain, and "of the remarkable factories and plant which have been designed and erected to carry out these strange processes." This photograph shows the "hot" laboratory at Windscale. The term "hot" is used for a laboratory equipped to deal with highly radio-active substances.



LEFT TO MARSHAL FOCH'S TWO DAUGHTERS: ECCLESDEN MANOR, ANGMERING, SUSSEX, WHICH FORMS PART OF THE LATE MR. WALTER BUTCHER'S BEQUEST.

Because of his admiration of the late Marshal Foch, Mr. Walter Butcher, a retired banker who died last August, has left his English country estate, valued at nearly £100,000, to the Marshal's two daughters. Neither Marshal Foch nor his two daughters, who are now in their seventies, had ever met Mr. Butcher. The estate comprises land and property in Sussex and Cornwall, and a herd of Jersey cows. In his will Mr. Butcher referred to his bequest as "an Englishman's tribute."



DWARFING BUILDINGS, HUMAN FIGURES AND ANOTHER CRANE: THE GIANT 170-FT.-HIGH CRANE BEING USED IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF AN OFFICE BLOCK AT HOLBORN VIADUCT. The 170-ft. crane, powered by electricity, being used in the construction of an office block at Holborn Viaduct can, it is claimed, lift six tons at a radius of 13 ft. from the tower, or  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tons from a radius of 82 ft. It is heavily ballasted for stability, came from Germany, and cost £12,000.

A TERRORIST LEADER IN CUSTODY, AND UNUSUAL AND INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.



A FIJIAN GOVERNMENT GIFT FOR THE DUKE OF CORNWALL: A SCALE MODEL OF AN OUTRIGGER CANOE WHICH HER MAJESTY ACCEPTED FOR HIM DURING HER VISIT.

During her visit to Fiji the Queen accepted a ring set with a black pearl; and whales' teeth, which are greatly prized there; as well as gifts for her children from the Fijian Government. For the Duke of Cornwall there was a model of a canoe, and for Princess Anne, a doll wearing a native Tapa skirt.



THE CAPTURE OF "GENERAL CHINA," REPUTED COMMANDER OF ONE OF THE TWO LARGEST TERRORIST ORGANISATIONS IN KENYA: THE PRISONER LYING IN HOSPITAL. "General China," important military leader of the Mau Mau, with a price of £25 on his head, was wounded and captured on January 15 near Nyeri. His real name is Waruhlu Itope, and he served in the 3rd King's African Rifles from March 1942-January 1946, and worked for East African Railways from 1950-51. His capture was effected by a patrol of the 7th (Kenya) Battalion, The King's African Rifles, whose commander had also worked for E.A. Railways, and recognised "General China."



THE SKI-JUMPER WHO LOST HIS SKIS: AN ASTONISHING MISHAP TO A COMPETITOR IN A SKI-JUMPING CONTEST HELD RECENTLY IN BERLIN.

This photograph records a remarkable mishap which happened to a competitor in a ski-jumping contest in Berlin. As he began his jump he parted company with his skis, to the general astonishment of spectators. Fortunately he landed unhurt in the deep snow.

## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## ARMADILLOS AND PANGOLINS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE account of the nine-banded armadillo (November 14, 1953) has brought a query from a reader in Uganda who speaks of an animal there, 18 ins. long, similar in appearance to the armadillo, and known by the same name. He asks if it is in fact an armadillo. Although somewhat shorter than one would have expected, there can be little doubt that this is a pangolin. No other African mammal could be mistaken for the armadillo. It is apparently common to confuse the two names, yet armadillos are entirely American, and pangolins are found in Africa and south-east Asia only. It is easy enough to keep this in mind when we remember the derivations of the two names.

Armadillo is the diminutive of the Spanish *armado*, one that is armed. Presumably if the Spaniards had conquered Africa instead of Central and South America, they would just as readily have called the pangolin by that name, for it is armoured and armed in much the same way to superficial appearances. The use of the word is a matter of history, therefore, and those who use the name armadillo for the African form could justify their action even if by so doing they cause confusion. Indeed, it is little more possible to justify the use of the word pangolin. This is derived from a Malay word, *peng-goling*, meaning the one that rolls up, and in its original setting was applied definitively to the scaly pangolin (*peng goling sisik*) and the hairy pangolin (*peng goling but*). Or, more specifically, two forms of the Malayan pangolin, *Manis javanica*.

Armadillo was first stabilised in the English tongue, apparently, by Frampton in 1577. Pangolin was much longer coming to rest in its modern form. Seba (1734) rendered it *pangoeling*; and Buffon (1763) figured the long-tailed (tree-dwelling) and short-tailed (terrestrial)

emphasise two points. The first is that etymologically there is little more ground for using pangolin instead of armadillo for the African armoured mammal. And, secondly, we have here an illustration of the value of scientific names. It is often the complaint of the layman that Greek and Latin names are an unnecessary

many features of their structure, armadillos differ in the larger ears and the peg-like cheek-teeth, although they have none in the front of the mouth. Above all, they differ in the armour. Instead of the overlapping scales set directly in the skin, armadillos have a large shield covering the fore part of the body, and another covering the hindquarters, with a varying number of narrow, transverse shields in between. The top of the head also bears a shield, and the tail is protected by a series of rings. The armour in all these places consists of a mosaic of bony plates covered with horn and supported by a strong internal skeleton.

There are three types of armadillo: with seven to ten or more transverse bands, with three to six bands, and the third, the Fairy Armadillo or Pichiciego (*Chlamyphorus truncatus*), with a distinct kind of armour. The first group includes the Nine-banded Armadillo (*Dasyurus novemcinctus*), extending north into the southern U.S.A., and the Giant Armadillo, nearly 5 ft. long, of the Brazilian forests. The second group includes the Six-banded Armadillo (*Euphractus sexcinctus*) of Brazil and Paraguay, the Hairy Armadillo (*E. villosus*) of the southern half of South America, and the Apara (*Tolypeutes tricinctus*), mainly in Brazil.

The scientific names show that there is a greater diversity in living armadillos than in pangolins, although their range

is more restricted. If they are from a common stock, as the many features they share might suggest, the two branches must have diverged early in their history. Both animals appear to represent a decadent stock, however, and formerly both were more widespread. Certain remains found in the Eocene of Europe may represent early pangolins, and the Pleistocene remains in Asia certainly do. Armadillos, also known from the



HEADPIECE FROM THE TITLE-PAGE TO VOLUME 10 OF BUFFON'S "HISTOIRE NATURELLE" (1763), SHOWING THE ARMADILLO TO THE LEFT AND THE PANGOLIN TO THE RIGHT, WITH OTHER MAMMALS GROUPED AROUND AND BEHIND THEM.

elaboration. Apart from the fact that they constitute a universal language, they also ensure some constancy, since there is an international code governing their use.

The pangolins constitute a well-defined group having the generic name *Manis*. The entire upper surface of the head and body and the whole of the tail are covered with large overlapping scales, sharp-edged and pointed, with a few hairs growing between them. The under-surface is soft and covered with sparse hairs. These scales are epidermal and usually described as composed of matted hair. Some pangolins are terrestrial, some are arboreal, and all feed on termites and ants, having slender muzzles and extensible tongues, and lacking teeth entirely. The external ear is always small, sometimes absent, and the third toes of the fore-feet bear extra large digging claws, for ripping open ant and termite nests.

There are seven species of pangolin, four in Africa and three in south-east Asia. The four African species are as follows. The Black-Bellied pangolin (*Manis longicaudata*) and the Small-Scaled pangolin (*M. tricuspidata*) live in the dense rainforests from the West Coast to Uganda. Both are over 3 ft. long, including a long tail. In the West African forests is found the terrestrial Giant Pangolin (*M. gigantea*), 5 ft. long, but with a proportionately shorter tail. From East to South Africa is found Temminck's Pangolin (*M. temminckii*), of about the same size, living in open country. These last two, not very numerous, excavate deep burrows, from which they are extracted by the natives, who send boys in with lines to attach to the animals so that they can be dragged out, to be eaten as a delicacy. From the animal's habits it is easy to understand why the name *Manis* should have been chosen, from *Manes*, the spirits of the dead and the gods of the lower world. The treatment meted out by the natives does not accord with this.

The three Asiatic species are medium-sized, but are essentially the same in

character and habits as the African species. The Chinese pangolin (*M. pentadactyla*), of China and Formosa and Hainan to Nepal, some 2½ ft. long, and the Malayan pangolin (*M. javanica*), much the same in size, are both skilful tree-climbers in search of ants' nests. The Indian pangolin (*M. crassicaudata*), a short-tailed form, over 3½ ft. long, does not usually climb, but can if need arises.

Although having a good deal in common with pangolins, in diet and general habits, as well as in



SEATED DIRECTLY IN THE SKIN, WITH NO SUPPORTING BONE BENEATH: THE OVERLAPPING SCALES OF THE PANGOLIN WHICH COVER THE ENTIRE UPPER SURFACE OF THE HEAD AND BODY AND THE WHOLE OF THE TAIL.

Photograph by Peter J. Green.

forms, calling them phatagin and pangolin respectively, the first being from the Greek, the name having been used originally by Aelian, the Greek military writer. Goldsmith uses the name pangolin in 1774, and also calls the animal a scaly lizard, a name used, incidentally, by Buffon. After Raffles (1822) had spoken of the pangolin sisik, or tangiling, firm ground seems to have been reached.

There would be little point in recounting these details, except as an historical record, unless it was to



A MOSAIC OF BONY PLATES: THE ARMOUR COVERING THE ARMADILLO'S BODY WHICH IS SUPPORTED BY THE UNDERLYING SKELETON OF THE BODY AND COVERED EXTERNALLY BY HORNY SCALES.

Photograph by Peter J. Green.

Eocene to the Pleistocene in South America, and from the Pliocene to the Pleistocene in North America, include the well-known *Glyptodon*, the extinct giant armadillo, standing 5 ft. high, of the Argentine.

However the common names may be used, the fact is that there are two very distinct groups of animals, those properly known as armadillos confined to the New World, and the pangolins confined to the Old World, the two being sharply marked off by the nature of their armour.

## THREE NEW RUSSIAN BOMBERS



CLAIMED TO BE ABLE TO CARRY ATOMIC BOMBS FROM RUSSIA TO AMERICA: A NEW RUSSIAN BOMBER, THE *TUG-75*, POWERED WITH SIX 5500-H.P. TURBO-PROP ENGINES.



CLAIMED AS THE FIRST ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF A NEW RUSSIAN SWEPT-WING TWIN-JET BOMBER: THE *ILYUSHIN 28-2*. ITS TOP SPEED IS BELIEVED TO EXCEED 650 M.P.H.



STATED TO BE IN SERVICE WITH THE RUSSIAN STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND: THE TYPE 31 LONG-RANGE BOMBER, A DEVELOPMENT OF THE U.S. B-29, BUT WITH TURBO-PROP ENGINES.

Above we show photographs of three new types of Russian military aircraft. There is some confusion about the naming of the two larger bombers, both of which have been called *Tug-75*. It is, however, clear that one model has four turbo-prop engines (developed from a *Junkers* model) and the other six engines. The four-engined model seems to be a development of the U.S. B-29, and is said to have a range of 6500 miles. The six-engined model is thought to be an answer to the American B-36—which is, however, being superseded in the U.S.A. by the B-52. It is stated that the six-engined bomber is being mass-produced in Far Eastern Russia, but that only seventeen had flown at the end of April last year. The *Ilyushin* two-jet bomber appears to be a swept-wing version of the *Ilyushin 28*.

## BRITISH AND U.S. AIR NOVELTIES.



THE TWO PROTOTYPES OF THE BRISTOL *BRITANNIA*—THE SECOND OF WHICH MADE ITS MAIDEN FLIGHT ON DECEMBER 23, 1953—IN FLIGHT TOGETHER: A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH



THE BOMBER WHICH CARRIES ITS OWN FIGHTER: A U.S. AIR FORCE RB-36 (ABOVE), AS ITS FIGHTER, AN F-84-F THUNDERSTREAK, ATTACHES ITSELF TO THE HOOK; AND (BELOW) BEGINNING TO DRAW UP THE FIGHTER INTO ITS BOMB-BAY.



A BRITISH RESEARCH AIRCRAFT WITH ADJUSTABLE WINGS AND TAILPLANE: THE SHORT SB-5, HERE SHOWN WITH THE TAILPLANE SET BELOW THE FUSELAGE.

Above we show three advanced types of aircraft—two British, one American. The Bristol *Britannia* airliner is powered with four Bristol *Proteus* turbo-prop engines. Two prototypes are now flying and it is expected that the first four production models will be received by B.O.A.C. before the end of 1954. The Short SB-5 is an experimental aircraft, with wings which can be adjusted to a sweep-back of 50, 60 or 69 degrees. The tailplane is also adjustable. It recently entered the third phase of its experimental programme. The U.S.A.F. recently disclosed that they were adapting a number of long-range reconnaissance bombers (RB-36), now obsolescent in their primary rôle, to carry high-speed fighters (*Thunderstorms*) in the bomb-bays, for release and collection in mid-air.

## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT may seem philistine and petty-minded always to fuss about the bulk of a long novel; no doubt it is an occupational complaint. Yet to ignore this feature would be humbug. Size, after all, is just what nobody can overlook, and almost everyone reacts to; and it looms up before the start. So I must first observe that "Heirs of the Wind," by Michele Prisco (Derek Verschoyle; 15s.), is not for any reader in a hurry. It is of monumental bulk. Although not dull, it is unusually deliberate. And in a way it is monotonous, giving vast spaces to a confined and shrinking cycle of events. Yet though the space almost engulfs the action, it is a vital element as well; nothing could really be cut down.

The story opens after the first war. Nicola Mazzù, a young sergeant of *carabinieri*, has been transferred to a new post in the Vesuvian countryside. He is a cocky, rather impudent young man, born poor and thrusting for success in life. First, he will clean up his new district; there is a lot of post-war crime, and so the wealthy families will be all over him. A chance occurs straight off; the very night of his arrival, he is dragged out of bed by a jewel robbery. There was a fashionable party in the town, and an old lady has been held up on leaving it. Thus Nicola meets everyone at once; and before long, he is at supper with the Damianos. The doctor has five girls—five comely girls, with "ever such big dowries," yet not a man has looked their way. Really their father is to blame; he has eschewed society since his wife's death, and—not unhappily, since they are fond of him and of each other—they partake the void. Still, this rare evening with the sergeant livens them all up, and the ambitious Nicola is in his glory. But he has not yet thought of marriage. When the idea occurs to him, he looks out for a splendid match—and finds the doctor has more land than anyone. So which girl shall it be? He likes the eldest, and he is drawn uncomfortably to Francesca, who has the most vitality. Just for that reason she won't do. Better a few white hairs, and an unruffled calm.

Therefore Antonietta is the first. Then, as the years go by, time after time the place is vacant, and the next girl succeeds—till Nicola is lord of all; till he has dimmed out and become an incubus. Of all the sister-wives, only Francesca had a passion for him. And yet each took him at a word; and the "child" Lisa, his embittered foe, makes the request herself. For it is now a doom; almost, a duty to the others' graves. As for the incubus—he was let in by their own father, and has maintained himself on their own treason, so there is no great justice in resenting him.

Even this outline hints at a change of mode, a sudden increment of the fantastic. And in the actual plot there is a gap—between the earlier marriages, which hang together, and the last two, which need a special effort to believe. But here the bulk, the atmosphere and the deliberation come into their own. If not whole-heartedly convinced, we are submerged and spellbound.

## OTHER FICTION.

"Beyond this Place," by A. J. Cronin (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), should have its own, admittedly more vulgar spell. It has at least the stamp of popularity. Paul Burgess, a serious and hopeful youth, has been brought up in Belfast, under a yoke of educational endeavour and dissenting piety. He has believed his father dead. Now it comes out by chance that he is not Paul Burgess, but Paul Mathry; and that his father is not dead, but a convicted murderer in Stoneheath. His mother, with the support of Pastor Fleming and of the pastor's Ella, who has set up as Paul's fiancée, urges him to forget about it. This Paul can't stand; and he slips off across the channel, back to the fatal scene. Not to dispute his father's guilt; but that appalling crime, the savage butchery of a young woman, may have had some redeeming circumstance. . . .

In short, his purposes are vague. But in the Midland town of Wortley they are soon defined. Because Rees Mathry didn't do it. Proofs of his innocence are strewn around, and fifteen years ago must have been glaring. In fact they were; but they were hushed up by the stupid police, and by a wicked counsel on the make. And now it is Paul's turn to suffer. He gets it all worked out, even to the authentic murderer; and—by the former villains of the piece—he is brushed off with threats, hounded and starved, and finally thrown into gaol and very nearly certified. Only just then a Catholic, crusading journalist acts as the god from the machine. Of course it is not boring. But it is crude, and somehow disagreeable in flavour. The villains are slashed out of cardboard. And the style doesn't help; though it becomes less wooden, or less noticeable, as the tale advances.

"Barcelona Road," by Laura Talbot (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), is a light comedy of the right kind—amusing, sensitive and realistic. The scene is Hove, and the preoccupation is *un peu d'amour*. And Rodney has a good deal on his hands. He is a dentist, and an *homme fatal*; and Lady Lilah Shincombe is an "intellectual." Also, she is cool, languid, critical and highly bred, while Rodney is vulgarity itself. But that is half the charm; Lilah is so "refreshed" by commonness. She took George Shincombe for his accent, and his father's money; now he has sunk into "poor George," but still he mustn't know. . . .

And meanwhile everybody knows. The story is all bustle and exchange—wind in the streets, and evening gossip in the pubs, and social nuances and pitifully aching hearts. With just a pinch of happiness thrown in.

"The Doctor and the Corpse," by Max Murray (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), starts with a letter to the Singapore police, announcing that there is a wanted murderer aboard the *Rimini*, and they will have to send somebody out. Young Michael West is detailed to explode the joke, and finds the writer a dead man. No corpse could more resoundingly be spared; he was a Dutch-American who, among other traits, chartered the *Rimini* for pleasure cruising, and ran it on the side as an expensive hellship for D.P.s. This is a made-up, literary crime; but it has lots of everything—girls, drama, comedy, confusion.

K. JOHN.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## THREE BRAVE MEN.

FEW Resistance movements in the late war were as effective as the Norwegian—in a land where Vidkun Quisling earned himself a name of treachery which puts him almost in the Judas Iscariot class. And few members of the Norwegian Resistance movement were more successful than Hr. Max Manus, the author of "Underwater Saboteur" (Kimber; 15s.). Hr. Manus was one of the earliest Norwegians to resist the German "underground," after the brief agony of the German military invasion was over. But in Norway, as in other European countries, the resisters were amateurs in the early days, whereas the members of the Gestapo were very much professionals. And it was not very long before Hr. Manus was arrested, wounded, in hospital, and about to be interrogated by the Gestapo—an interrogation from which there was only likely to be one, fatal, outcome for him.

His escape from that hospital window, 30 ft. above the ground, clad only in a night-shirt, and across its snow-covered grounds (a matter of seconds before the arrival of the cars which were to take him away), proved, however, to be but a curtain-raiser to his later exploits. He made his way to England and was trained in all the arts of sabotage by S.O.E. At the end of his training he was parachuted into Norway, only to catch pneumonia—a misfortune which must have been an even greater anxiety to his companion, who had to sit listening to him raving in delirium in the tiny tent in the snow-covered fir forests where they had cached their weapons, than to himself. From then on the tale is one of ever-mounting excitement. Hr. Manus specialised, as the title of his book implies, in the sinking of German ships by attaching limpet mines to their hulls under water. The exciting story of how he and his companions in canoes, and under the searchlights of patrol-boats with orders to fire at any craft afloat after dark, and under the eyes of German sentries, placed their limpets in position and successfully accomplished their missions, is told in so casual a manner that it heightens that excitement in a way which no literary art could achieve. As their attacks became more ingenious and more successful, the operations of the Gestapo became more and more intense. Arrests became more frequent. The gallant band of young enthusiasts dwindled, and at least one of their members committed suicide rather than betray his comrades under torture. In the end Hr. Manus had the honour—and one which he had most surely earned—of driving in the car with King Haakon when liberation was finally achieved. A moving conclusion to a story of breath-taking gallantry unassumingly described.

Much the same feelings seem to have filled Captain L'Herminier, the commander of a famous Free French submarine, when he had escaped from Toulon and reached North Africa under the escort of a British corvette. Indeed, Captain L'Herminier throughout writes with affection of his wartime British companions-in-arms, in "Casabianca" (Muller; 12s. 6d.). After her safe arrival to join the Free French Forces, *Casabianca*, for that was the name of his submarine, was used largely on secret missions in the Mediterranean. Not the least remarkable of these missions was the ferrying of over 100 Commandos to Ajaccio to assist the Resistance movement there at a critical stage after the Italian armistice, while the Germans were still in Corsica in considerable force. With the crew, the total number of men aboard the *Casabianca* came to 170, which must, as he says, constitute a record in a submarine of 1500 tons. Submariners are a curious breed, who actually seem to like their strange claustrophobic craft, and it is clear that the *esprit de corps* of the *Casabianca* was a tribute to the Service and the nation to which Captain L'Herminier belongs.

Another gallant Frenchman, this time writing of a civilian achievement, and after the war, is M. Alain Gheerbrant, author of "Impossible Adventure" (Gollancz; 16s.). This is an account of a journey made by three young Frenchmen and a Colombian who visited some of the last unexplored regions in the world—on the crossing from Colombia and Venezuela to Brazil. The pattern of Latin-American explorations is becoming a familiar one—the monstrous jungles, the steamy heat, the ordeal by insects, the unapproachable natives who would eat you as soon as look at you (and perhaps sooner), the piranhas who would eat you without looking at you. But M. Gheerbrant tells his story in a way which, while it makes me interested in the region, does not arouse in me the slightest urge to go anywhere near it. The book is well illustrated with photographs and, like "Casabianca," is something more than competently translated from the French by Edward Fitzgerald.

Another gentleman I have not the slightest wish to emulate is Mr. Reg ("Crash") Kavanagh, whose life-story, under the title of "Crash Kavanagh" has been written by Anthony Richardson (Parrish; 15s.). The reason is, I think, fairly understandable. Mr. Kavanagh earns his living as the greatest living film-stunt performer. In his forty-three years, I am informed, he has spent some six years in hospital, which seems on the face of it to be a small proportion. For his *curriculum vitae* includes seven planes crashed into the ground, thirteen mid-air, plane crashes, 1700 parachute descents, 400 car roll-overs, 175 car collisions, 1000 car crashes through walls of flame, and so many car and motor-cycle jumps from ramps and through hoops of flame that he has given up counting. Mr. Kavanagh need fear no rivalry through me, but his story, as told by Mr. Richardson, is compact of excitement.

The title of "Airborne at Kitty Hawk," by Michael Harrison (Cassell; 8s. 6d.), is a trifle misleading, as is the sub-title, "The Story of the First Heavier-than-Air Flight made by the Wright Brothers, December 17, 1903." For only two of the book's ten chapters deal directly with the famous Orville and Wilbur, and the actual story of the flight is confined to these words: "There came a suitable wind. The following day. The Wrights flew. For twelve seconds. The date was December 17, 1903." However, the reader need not feel that he has been sold a pup, for the book is a most workmanlike description of the history of aeronautics from the earliest times to the present day.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I CANNOT help it, I must hark back to the 1953-4 Hastings Christmas Congress once again. Never before in my recollection—and I have attended nineteen chess congresses at Hastings—has this traditional event produced such a succession of surprises and thrills.

Alexander's defeat of Bronstein, who is probably the third best of the world's millions of players to-day, made headlines everywhere; one newspaper, whose attitude towards chess has been almost pathologically disdainful, printed a row of diagrams, and so many others have given the whole 120 moves that I do not intend to repeat them here.

That Alexander should have been able to shrug away the psychological reaction from this tremendous effort and proceed to thrash the second Soviet entrant, Tolush, in the last round was, to my mind, even more remarkable.

The closing hours on Friday brought no lessening of the tension. Bronstein had adjourned after four hours' play against Teschner, of Berlin, a pawn to the bad, without a scrap of positional compensation for it. A loss, or even a draw, would have relegated him in the final table to second place. The dismay among the Russians can be measured by the fact that they offered to refund their masters' appearance fees—a gesture which was naturally deeply appreciated by the Hastings Chess Club, but as naturally firmly refused.

With his back to the wall, Bronstein now drew on all the reserves of his insight and determination and revealed himself as a genius of the chessboard worthy of a place among the immortals. Without either his opponents or the spectators realising how it happened, or even that it was happening, he gradually manœuvred Teschner's men into a situation in which, though apparently safe and mobile, not one could move without disaster.

As this memorable game came to an end with Teschner's resignation on the stroke of midnight, the customary decorum of the congress hall was broken, for the second time in two days, by a spontaneous burst of cheering: and how happy Bronstein looked, as the impartial British public which had applauded his victorious opponent a day before, now as enthusiastically honoured him!

Here is the score of Alexander's game against Tolush:

## QUEEN'S PAWN GAME, DUTCH DEFENCE.

Tolush.	Alexander.	Tolush.	Alexander.
1. P-Q4	P-KB4	15. P×P	P-R5
2. P-K3	Kt-KB3	16. Kt-R1	P-KKt4
3. B-Q3	P-Q3	17. Kt-Q2	Q-Kt2
4. Kt-K2	P-K4	18. B-Kt2	P-Kt5
5. P×P	P×P	19. P-KB4	Kt-B6ch
6. Castles	B-B4	20. K-Kt2	P-R6ch
7. Kt-Kt3	P-KKt3	21. K-B2	Kt×Kt
8. B-B4	Q-K2	22. Q×Kt	Kt-K5ch
9. Q-Q3	Kt-B3	23. K-Kt1	Q×B
10. P-QR3	P-K5	24. Q-Q5	Q-B3
11. Q-K2	Kt-K4	25. B-Kt3	P-B3
12. B-R2	P-KR4	26. Q-Q3	B-K3
13. P-Kt4	B-Q3	27. B×B	Q×B
14. P-KB4	P×P e.p.		

Tolush now played 28. Q-Q4, but resigned without awaiting his opponent's reply. A bishop down, with the inferior position, he is, of course, hopelessly placed.

mid-air, plane crashes, 1700 parachute descents, 400 car roll-overs, 175 car collisions, 1000 car crashes through walls of flame, and so many car and motor-cycle jumps from ramps and through hoops of flame that he has given up counting. Mr. Kavanagh need fear no rivalry through me, but his story, as told by Mr. Richardson, is compact of excitement.

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E. D. O'BRIEN.

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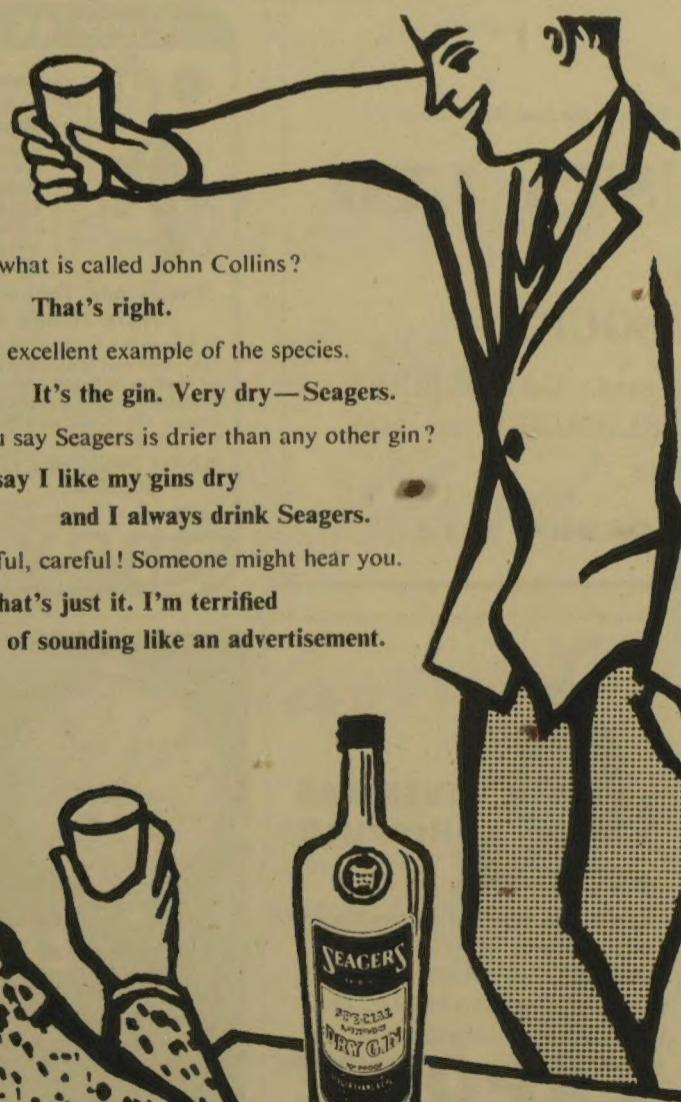


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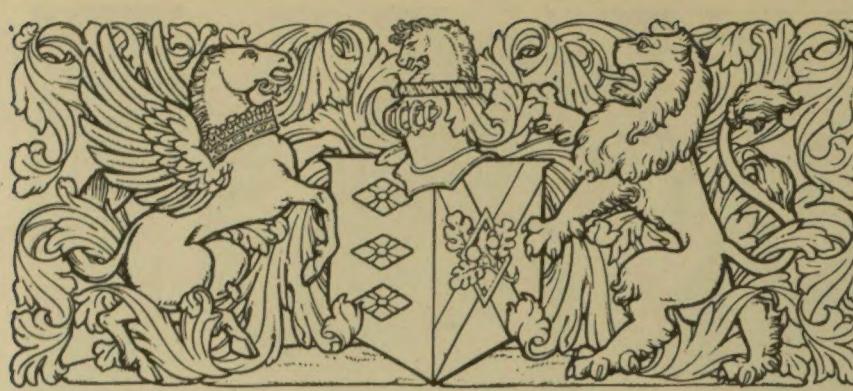
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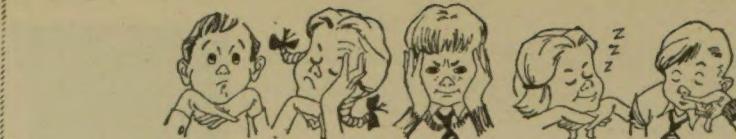
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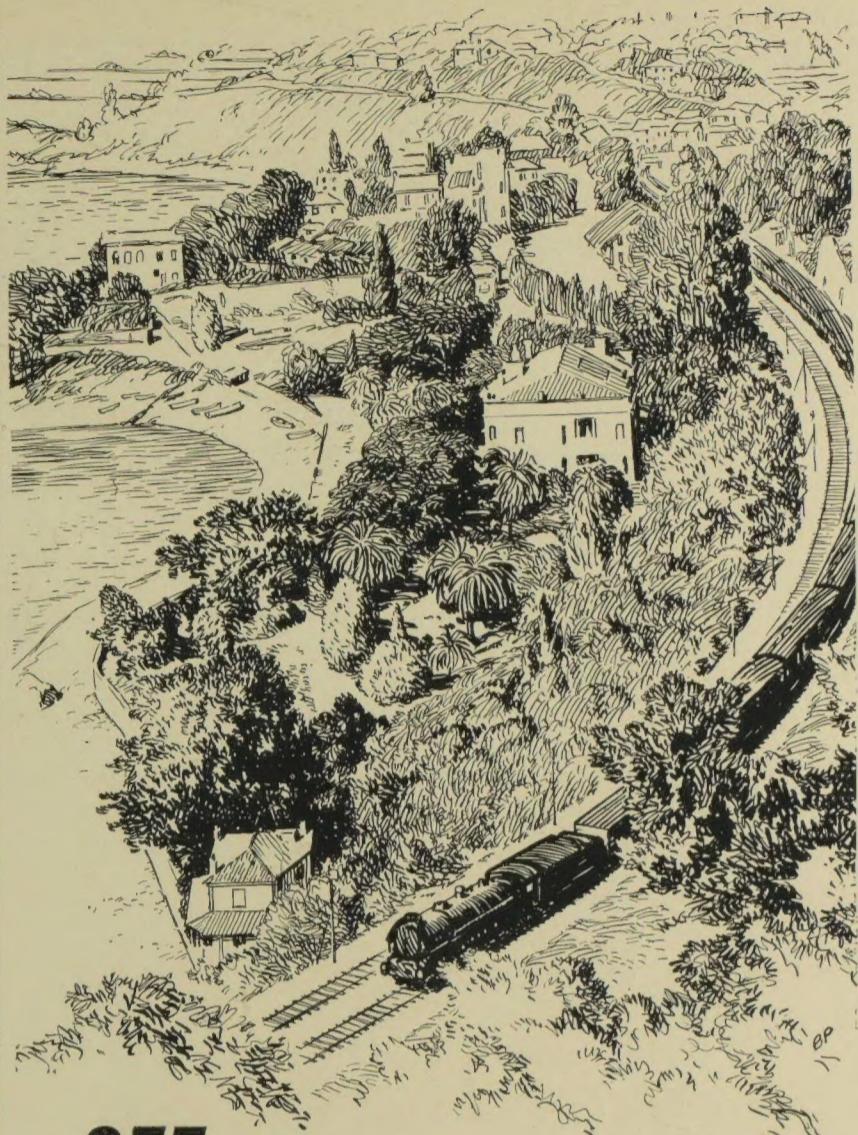
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